McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXVI

SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1890.

NUMBER 50

McKean County Miner

[illegible] Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible] arrives at 10 a. m. [illegible] at 4 p. m. and 1 10 [illegible]

[illegible]

CLARK WILSON, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

[illegible] in the Masonic Hall.

[illegible] W. M.

[illegible] last Tuesday evening of each [illegible] Hall [illegible]

[illegible] Recorder

[illegible] third Wednesday evenings [illegible]

G. A. R.

[illegible] every Thursday evening [illegible] in the A. O. U. W. Hall.

[illegible] Com.

W. R. C.

[illegible] Friday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall [illegible] Pres.

A. O. U. W.

[illegible] every evening at 8 o'clock in [illegible] M. W.

[illegible] Sec'y

K. O. T. M.

[illegible] every Monday evening at 7:30 in [illegible]

[illegible] Reynolds, Com.

[illegible] R. K.

W. C. T. U.

[illegible] Wednesday afternoon [illegible] Pres.

[illegible] Richmond, Sec'y

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[illegible] Hall on first and third [illegible] of each month at 7 p. m. [illegible]

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Dec. 12, 188[illegible]

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v[illegible]

A BOY AT SHILOH.

The Story of the Battle by One Who Was Not a Hero.

BLOODIEST BATTLE OF THE WAR

Col. John A. Cockerill, of The New York World, Recites in the Columns of The Journalist the Experiences of a Drummer Boy in That Engagement.

Shiloh church Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. Here is a date and a locality indelibly burned into my memory. At 16 years of age I found myself an enlisted fourth class musician in the Twenty-fourth Ohio regiment, in which my eldest brother was a first lieutenant, and afterward captain and colonel. I had campaigned in western Virginia and had seen some of the terrors and horrors of war at Phillippi and Rich Mountain and some of its actualities in a winter campaign in the Cheat mountain district. During the winter of '61 my command was sent to Louisville, Ky., where Gen. Buell was organizing his splendid army of the Ohio for active operations against Bowling Green and Nashville. My regiment was assigned to Gen. Nelson's command, and the early spring found us on the left flank of the army on the north side of the Green river. With unexpected suddenness, Nelson's division was one day in March sent hurriedly back to the Ohio river, where it was placed on transports and headed for the Cumberland river to participate in Grant's movement against Fort Donelson.

Before reaching that point intelligence was received of the capture of that stronghold, and our flotilla proceeded to Paducah, Ky. At that point Gen. W. T. Sherman was organizing his recruits from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois for the forward movement up the Tennessee river. I had been taken ill on board the steamer en route, and my father who at that time commanded the Seventieth Ohio regiment stationed at Paducah found me and took me in his personal charge. Two days later my regiment sailed up the Cumberland river and was with the brigade first to enter Nashville. When I reached the convalescent stage I asked permission to rejoin my command, but Gen. Sherman said that the armies of Grant and Buell would form a coalition somewhere up in the Tennessee river, and I might as well remain where I was for the reason that my father could give me better care in my feeble state than I could have with my own command.

Thus it happened that I was with the army of Gen. Sherman when he felt his way up the turbid Tennessee river as far as Pittsburg Landing, and so it happened that I was at Shiloh church on the morning of that terrible onslaught by Gen. Johnston's army upon Sherman's division, which held the advance of Grant's army operating against Corinth.

I have often wondered what sort of a soldier in blue I must have appeared at that time. I can remember myself as a tall, pale, hatchet faced boy, who could never find in the quartermaster's department a blouse or a pair of trousers small enough for him, nor an overcoat cut on his lines. The regulation blue trousers I used to cut off at the bottoms, and the regulation overcoat sleeves were always rolled up, which gave them the appearance of having extra military cuffs, and that was one consolation to me.

OUTPOST SHOTS.

The headquarters mess of the Seventieth regiment had finished its early breakfast, and I had just taken my place at the table on Sunday morning, 6th of April, when I heard certain shots along our adjacent picket lines. In less than ten minutes there was volley firing directly in our front, and from my knowledge of campaigning I knew that a battle was on though fifteen minutes before I had no idea that any considerable force of the enemy was in the immediate front of our cantonment. The Seventieth regiment and the brigade to which I was attached, commanded by Gen. Buckland of Ohio, formed on its color lines under fire, and, although composed of entirely new troops, made a splendid stand. At the first alarm I dropped my knife and fork and ran to my father's tent to find him buckling on his sword. My first boyish act was to gather up a beautiful Enfield rifle which he had saved at the distribution of arms to his regiment, because of its beautiful curly, maple stock. I had been carrying it myself on one or two of the regimental expeditions to the front, and had some twenty rounds of cartridges in a box which I had borrowed from one of the boys of Company I. By the time I had adjusted my cartridge box and seized my rifle my father was mounted outside, and with a hurried good-by he took his place with the regiment. By this time the bullets were whistling through the camp and shells were bursting overhead.

Not exactly clear in my mind what I intended to do, I ran across to the old log Shiloh church, which stood on the flank of my father's regiment. On my right the battle was raging with great ferocity, and stretching away to my left and front one of the most beautiful pageants I ever beheld in war was being presented. In the very midst of the thick wood and rank undergrowth of the locality was what is known as a "deadening"—a vast, open, unfenced district grown up with rank, dry grass, dotted here and there with blasted trees, as though some farmer had determined to clear a farm for himself and had abandoned the undertaking in disgust. From out the edge of this great opening came regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade of the Confederate troops. The sun was just rising in their front and the glittering of their arms and equipments made a gorgeous spectacle for me. On the farther edge of this opening two brigades of Sherman's command were drawn up to receive the onslaught. As the Confederates, marching regimental front en echelon, sprang into the field they poured out their deadly fire, and half obscured by their smoke they advanced as they fired. My position behind the old log church was a good one for observation. I had just seen Gen. Sherman and his staff pushing across to the Buckland brigade. The splendid soldier, erect in his saddle, his eye bent forward, looked a veritable war eagle, and I knew history was being made in that immediate neighborhood.

THE MAKING OF HISTORY.

Just then a German field battery from Illinois, which had been cantoned a short distance in the rear, came galloping up with six guns and unlimbered three of them between the Shiloh church and the left flank of the Seventieth Ohio regiment. This evolution was gallantly performed. The first shot from this battery directed against the enemy on the right opposite drew the fire of a Confederate battery, and the old log church came in for a share of its compliments. This duel had not lasted more than ten minutes when a Confederate shell struck a caisson in our battery, and an explosion took place which made things in that spot exceedingly uncomfortable. The German captain, thinking that he had done his duty, and, doubtless, satisfied in his own mind that the war was over so far as he was concerned, limbered up his remaining pieces, and with such horses as he had galloped to the rear, and was not seen at any other time, I believe, during the two days' engagement.

By this time the enemy was pressing closely on my left flank, and Shiloh church with its ancient logs was no more a desirable place for military observation. I hurried over to the headquarters of the Seventieth Ohio regiment, taking advantage of such friendly trees as presented themselves on the line of my movement, and there found a state of disorder. The tents were pretty well ripped with shell and bullets, and wounded men were being carried past me to the rear. As I stood there debating in my mind whether to join my father's command or continue my independent action, three men appeared, carrying a sorely wounded officer in a blanket. They called me to assist them, and as my place really was with the hospital corps, being a non-combatant musician, I complied with their request. We carried the poor fellow some distance to the rear through a thick wood and found there a scene of disorder, not to say panic.

M'ARTHUR'S HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

Men were flying in every direction, commissary wagons were struggling through the underbrush and the roads were packed with fugitives and baggage trains trying to carry off the impedimenta of the army. Finding a comparatively empty wagon we placed our wounded officer in it and then left at liberty I started on down toward the Tennessee river. I had not proceeded more than a mile when I encountered a brigade of Illinois troops drawn up in battle array apparently waiting for orders. It was Gen. McArthur's Highland brigade, the members of which wore Scotch caps, and I must say that a handsomer body of troops I never saw. These fellows had been at Fort Donelson and they counted themselves as veterans. They had their regimental bands with them, their flags were all unfurled and they were really dancing impatiently to the music of the battle in front of them. As I sauntered by a chipper young Lieutenant, sword in hand, stopped me and said:

"Where do you belong?"

"I belong to Ohio," was my reply.

"Well, Ohio is making a bad show of itself here today," he said. "I have seen stragglers from a dozen Ohio regiments going past here for half an hour. Ohio expects better work from her sons than this."

As I was one of Ohio's youngest sons my state pride was touched.

"Do you want to come and fight with us?" he said.

I responded that I was willing to take a temporary berth in his regiment. He asked me my name, and especially inquired whether I had any friends on the field. I gave him my father's name and regiment, and saw him make a careful entry in a little pass book which he afterwards placed in the bosom of his coat, as he rather sympathetically informed me that he would see, in case anything would happen to me, that my friends should know of it. Thus I became temporarily attached to Company B, of the Ninth Illinois regiment, McArthur's brigade. Several other men from other regiments who had been touched by this young officer's patriotic appeals also took places in our ranks.

Rather a strange situation that for a boy—enlisting on the battlefield in a command where there was not a face that he had ever seen before. Only one face, indeed, that had the least touch of sympathy in it, and that belonging to the young officer who had mustered him.

MUSIC ON THE FIELD.

We waited here for three-quarters of an hour before receiving the command to move. During that time one of the regimental bands played "Hail Columbia." It was the first and only time that I heard music on a battlefield, and soon after I saw that heroic band playing "Over the Hills and Far Away." That is to say, they would have gone over the hills if there had been any in that neighborhood. Finally the order came to move to the front. By this time the stream of fugitives on the road rendered it almost impassable, but we forced our way through them and in due time reached the point where our men were being severely driven. At first we were sent to strengthen the line from point to point, and twice that morning our brigade was moved up to support field batteries, which service, I must say from my brief experience, is the most annoying in modern warfare. These batteries draw not only the artillery fire of the enemy, but they furnished a point for the concentrated fire of all the infantry in front. To be in supporting position was to receive all the bullets that were aimed at the battery, and which of course, usually went to the rear. The shells intended for the battery in your front have a habit always of flying too high or bursting just high enough in air to make it pleasant for the troops who are held in comparative inactivity. Under these conditions we hugged the ground very closely, and fallen timber of every kind was most gratefully and thankfully recognized.

It is amazing how rapidly time flies under these circumstances. I am sure there were occasions that morning when twenty minutes' exposure to fire behind these field batteries seemed to me an entire week. Everything looked weird and unnatural. The very leaves on the trees, though scarcely out of the bud, seemed greener than I had ever seen them, and larger. The faces of the men about me looked like no faces that I had ever seen on earth. Actions took on the grotesque forms of nightmares. The roar and din of the battle in all its terror outstripped my most fanciful dreams of pandemonium. The wounded and butchered men who came up out of the blue smoke in front of us and were dragged or sent hobbling to the rear seemed like bleeding messengers come to tell us of the fate that awaited us.

It was with the greatest sense of relief that orders came for us to move to the left to face again that awful wave of fire which seemed to be all the morning moving toward our left. The Confederate divisions came into action at Shiloh church by the right, with a view to penetrating to the Tennessee river and taking us in flank and rear. It was along in the afternoon sometime that we were pushed over to the extreme left of the forward line. I had no watch, and could have no idea of the hour of the day, except as I saw the shadows formed by the sun. Up to this time our command had suffered but little, but a dreadful baptism of fire was awaiting us. For a moment I realized that we were on the extreme left of our army, that my regiment was the left of the brigade, that I was temporarily attached to Company B of the regiment, which practically placed me on the left flank of that heroic army. I knew all this because there was no firing in our front and no sound of battle to our left, but steady, steady, steady from the right of us rolled the volleys which told us that the enemy was working around to our vicinity.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

I saw Gen. McArthur, our commander, at this point, and as I remember, his hand was wrapped with a handkerchief as though he had been wounded. By his orders we pushed across a deep ravine which ran parallel with our front, and in five minutes we had taken up a position on the bank of this ravine facing the enemy. Everybody felt that the critical moment had come. The terrible nervous strain of that day was nothing compared with the feeling that now the time had come for us to show our mettle. The faces of that regiment were worth studying at that moment. Not one that was not pale, not a lip that was not close shut, not an eye that was not wild, not a hand that did not tremble in this awful, anxious moment. Presently the messenger came—pattering shots from out the dense growth in our front, telling of the advance of the skirmish line. On our part no response. No enemy could be seen, but the purple wreaths of smoke here and there told of the men who were feeling their way toward our lines. A nervous man unable to stand the strain let off his musket in our lines. This revealed our presence.

With a suddenness that was almost appalling there came from all along our front a crash of musketry, and the bullets shrieked over our heads and through our ranks. Then we delivered our fire. In an instant the engagement was general at that point. There were no breech loaders in that command, and the process of loading and firing was tedious. As I delivered my second shot a musket ball struck a small bush in my front, threw the splinters in my face and whistled over my shoulder. I may say that I was startled, but I kept loading and firing without any idea whatever as to what I was firing at. Soon the dry leaves, which covered the ground about us were on fire, and the smoke from them added to the general obscurity. Two or three men had fallen in my vicinity. At this moment the young lieutenant who had my descriptive list in his coat bosom, and who was gallantly waving his sword in the front was struck by a bullet and fell instantly dead almost at my feet. Then it was that I realized my utter desolation, and shuddered at the thought of the fate impended—"Dead and unknown."

By this time the fire from the enemy in our front—it was the division of Gen. Hardee turning the flank of the Federal position—became so terrible that we were driven back into the ravine. Here we were comparatively safe. We could load our pieces, crawl up the bank of the ravine and fire and fall back as it were. But many poor fellows who crawled up this friendly embankment fell back dead or wounded, and in one instance, as I was crouched down loading my piece, a man who had been struck above me fell on top of me and died by my side. It was here in this terrible moment that I, boy like, thought of the peaceful Ohio home where a loving, anxious mother was doubtless thinking of me, and with the thought that perhaps my father had been killed came a natural desire to be well out of the scrape. Notwithstanding, I kept firing as long as my cartridges lasted. Then [illegible], a fierce sergeant with a revolver in his hand placed its muzzle close to my ear and fiercely demanded why I was not firing. I told him that I had no cartridges.

THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

"Take cartridges from the box of the man there," he said, pointing to the dead man who had just fallen upon me. Mine was an Enfield rifle, and my dismounted neighbor's cartridges were for a Springfield rifle. I had clung to this beautiful Enfield, with its maple stock, which my father had selected as his own, and I was determined that it should not leave my hands. While this scene was passing the enemy came upon us in full charge, and looking up through the smoke of the burning leaves and beyond a washout which connected with our ravine, I saw the gray, dirty uniforms of the enemy. I heard their fierce yells, I saw their flag flapping sullenly in the grimy atmosphere. That was a sight which I have never forgotten. I can see the tiger ferocity in those faces yet, I can see them in my dreams. For what might they not have appeared to me, terrified as I was!

It was at this point that our blue line first wavered. Out of this ravine over the bank we survivors poured, pursued by the howling enemy. I remember my horror at the thought of being shot in the back, as I retreated from the top of the bank and galloped as gracefully as I could with the refluent human tide. Just by my side ran a youthful soldier, perhaps three years my senior, who might, for all I know, have been recruited as I was. I heard him give a scream of agony, and turning saw him dragging one of his legs, which I saw in an instant had been shattered by a bullet. He had dropped his rifle, and as I ran to his support he fell upon my shoulder and begged me for God's sake to help him. I half carried him some distance, still holding to my Enfield rifle with its beautiful curly stock, and then seeing that I must either give up the role of good Samaritan or drop the rifle, I threw it down and continued to aid my unfortunate companion.

All this time the bullets were whistling more fiercely than at any time during the engagement, and the woods were filled with flying men who to all appearances had no intention of rallying on that side of the Tennessee river. My companion was growing weaker all the while, and finally I sat him down beside a tree with his back toward the enemy and watched him for a few moments, until I saw that he was slowly bleeding to death. I knew nothing of surgery at that time, and did not even know how to stanch the flow of blood. I called to a soldier who was passing, but he gave no heed. A second came, stood for a moment, simply remarked "He's a dead man," and passed on. I saw the poor fellow die without being able to render the slightest assistance.

MISHAPS ON THE FIELD.

Passing on I was soon out of range of the enemy, and in a moment I realized how utterly famished and worn out I was. My thirst was something absolutely appalling. I saw a soldier sitting upon the rough stump of a tree, gazing toward the battle, and observing that he had a canteen, I ran to him and begged him for a drink. He invited me to help myself. I kneeled beside the stump, and taking his canteen drained it to the last drop. He did not even deign to look at me during the performance, but he anxiously inquired how the battle was going in front. I gave him information which did not please him in the least, and moved on toward the point known as the Landing, toward which all our fugitives seemed to be tending. But I shall never forget my friend on the stump. How gratefully I remember that drink of warm water from his rusty canteen. Bless his military soul, he probably never knew what a kindness he rendered me!

A short distance beyond the point where I had obtained my water supply, I found a squadron of jaded cavalry drawn up and engaged in the interesting work of stopping stragglers. In the crowd of fear stricken and dejected soldiers I found there, I saw a man who belonged to my father's regiment. I recognized him by the letters and number on his hat. Inquiring the fate of the regiment, he told me that it had been entirely cut to pieces and that he had personally witnessed the death of my father—he had seen him shot from his horse. This intelligence filled me with dismay, and I then determined, noncombatant that I was, that I would retire from that battlefield. Watching my opportunity I joined an ambulance which was passing loaded with wounded, and by some means escaped the vigilance of the cavalrymen, who seemed to be almost too badly scared to be on any sort of duty.

When through this line I pushed my way on down past the point where stragglers were being impressed and forced to carry sandbags up from the river to aid in the construction of batteries for some heavy guns which had been brought up from the transports. I passed these temporary works, by the old warehouse, turned into a temporary field hospital, where hundreds of wounded men, brought down in wagons and ambulances, were being unloaded, and where their arms and legs were being cut off and thrown out to form gray, ghastly heaps. I made my way down the plateau overlooking the river. Below lay fifty transports at least, all being loaded with the wounded, and all around me were baggage wagons, mule teams, disabled artillery teams and thousands of panic stricken men. I saw here and there officers gathering these men together into volunteer companies and marching them away to the scene of battle. It took a vast amount of pleading to organize even a company of fifteen or twenty, and I was particularly struck by the number of officers who were engaged in this interesting occupation. It seemed to me that they were out of all proportion to the number of fugitives in the vicinity.

THE SIGHT OF GEN. GRANT.

While sitting on the bank overlooking the road below, between the beach and the river, I saw Gen. Grant. I had seen him the day before review his troops on the Purdy road, while a company of Confederate cavalrymen, a detachment of Johnston's army, watched the performance from a skirt of woods less than two miles away. When I saw him at this moment he was doing his utmost to rally his troops for another effort. It must have been about half past 4 in the afternoon. The general rode to the landing accompanied by his staff and a bodyguard of twenty-five or thirty cavalrymen. I heard him begging the stragglers to go back and make one more effort to redeem themselves, accompanying his pleadings with the announcement that reinforcements would soon be on the field and that he did not want to see his men disgraced.

Again I heard him proclaim that if the stragglers before him did not return to their commands he would send his cavalry down to drive them out. In less than fifteen minutes his words were made good. A squadron of cavalry, divided at either end of the landing, and riding toward each other with drawn swords, drove away every man found between the steep bank and the river. The majority of the skulkers climbed up the bank, hanging by the roots of the trees, and in less than ten minutes after the cavalry had passed they were back in their old places again. I never saw Gen. Grant again until I saw him the president of the United States.

While sitting on the high bank of the river I looked across to the opposite side and saw a body of horsemen emerging from the low cane brakes back of the river. In a moment I saw a man waving a white flag with a red star in the center. I knew that he was signaling, for I had seen the splendid corps of Buell's army, and I recognized that the men with that flag were our friends. Sitting by me were two distracted fugitives, who also saw the movement on the other side of the river. Said one of them to his companion: "Bill, we are gone now. There's the Texas cavalry on the other side of the river!" The red star had misled him. Fifteen minutes later I saw the head of a column of blue emerge from the woods beyond and move hurriedly down toward the river's edge. Immediately the empty transports moved over to that side of the river and the first boat brought over a figure which I recognized. The vessel was a peculiar one, belonging in southern waters, and had evidently been used as a ferryboat. On its lower forward deck, which was long and protruding, sat a man of tremendous proportions upon a magnificent Kentucky race horse, with bobbed tail.

"FIGHTING BULL" NELSON.

The officer was rigged out in all his regimentals, including an enormous hat with a black feather in it. I knew that this was Gen. Nelson, commonly known as "Fighting Bull Nelson." I ran down to the point where I saw this boat was going to land, and as she ran her prow up on the sandy beach, Nelson put spurs to his horse and jumped him over the gunwale. As he did this he drew his sword and rode right into the crowd of refugees, shouting "Damn your souls, if you won't fight get out of the way and let men come here who will." I realized from the presence of Nelson that my regiment (the Twenty-fourth Ohio) was probably in that vicinity. I asked one of the boat hands to take me on board, and after some persuasion he did so. The boat recrossed, and as soon as I got on shore I ran down to where the troops were embarking to cross the river to the battlefield. I soon found Ammen's brigade and my regiment.

Hurrying on board one of the transports I climbed to the hurricane deck and there found my brother with his company. He was looking across the river where the most appalling sight met his vision. The shore was absolutely packed with the disorganized panic-stricken troops who had fled before the terrible Confederate onslaught, which had not ceased for one moment since early that morning. The noise of the battle was deafening. It may be imagined that my brother was somewhat surprised to see me. I made a hurried explanation of the circumstances which had brought me there, and gave him news of my father's death. Then I asked him for something to eat. With astonishment he referred me to his negro servant, who luckily had a broiled chicken in his haversack, together with some hard bread. I took the chicken, and as we marched off the boat I held a drumstick in each hand, and kept by my brother's side as we forced our way through the stragglers up the road from the landing and on to the plateau where the battle was even then almost concentrating. Right there I saw a man's head shot off by a cannon ball, and saw immediately afterward an aide on Gen. Nelson's staff dismounted by a shot which took off the rear part of his saddle and broke his horse's back. At the same time I did not stop eating. My nerves were settled and my stomach was asserting its rights. My brother finally turned to me, and, after giving me some papers to keep and some messages to deliver in case of death, shook me by the hand and told me to keep out of danger and above all things to try and get back home. This part of his advice I readily accepted. I stood and saw the brigade march by, which in less than ten minutes met the advance of the victorious Confederates and checked the battle for that day. It was then that the gunboats in the river and the heavy siege guns on the bank above added their remonstrating voices as the sun went down and the roar of battle ceased entirely.

A LONG TO BE REMEMBERED NIGHT.

But that night on the shore of the Tennessee river was one to be remembered. Wandering along the beach among the rows of wounded men waiting to be taken on board the transports I found another member of the Seventieth Ohio regiment, named Silcott. He had a harrowing tale of woe to relate in which nearly all his friends and acquaintances figured as corpses, and together we sat down on a bale of hay near the river's edge. By this time the rain had set in. It was one of those peculiar streaming, drenching, semi-tropical dampers, and it never ceased for a moment from that time until far into the next day. With darkness came untold misery and discomfort. After my companion had related the experiences of the day, I curled myself up on one side of the hay bale while he occupied one edge of it, and soon fell asleep.

Every few moments I was awakened by a terrible broadside, delivered from the two gunboats which lay in the center of the river a hundred yards or so above me. They were the Lexington and the A. O. Tyler, I believe, wooden vessels, reconstructed from western steamboats and supplied with ponderous columbiads. These black monsters, for some reason, kept up their fire all through the night, and the roar of this cannonading and the shrieking of the shells, mingled with the thunders of the rain storm, gave very little opportunity for slumber. Still, I managed to doze very comfortably between broadsides, and my recollection of the night is that from these peaceful naps I was aroused every now and then by what appeared to be a tremendous flash of lightning, followed by the most awful thunder ever heard on the face of the earth. These discharges seemed to me to lift me four or five inches from my water soaked couch, and, to add to the general misery, the transports which were bringing over Buell's troops had a landing within twenty feet of my lodgment.

All night long they wheezed and groaned, and came and went, with their freight of humanity, and right by my side marched all night long the poor fellows who were being pushed out to the front to take their places on the battle line for the morrow. By this time the roadway was churned into mud knee deep, and as regiment after regiment went by with that peculiar slosh, slosh of marching men in mud, and the rattling of canteens against bayonet scabbards, so familiar to the ear of the soldier, I could hear in the intervals the low complainings of the men and the urgings of the officers: "Close up, boys, close up," until it seemed to me that if there was ever such a thing as pandemonium I was in the fullest enjoyment of it. As fast as a transport unloaded its troops the gangway was hauled in, the vessel dropped out, and another took the vacant place and the same thing was gone over again. Now and then a battery of artillery would come off the boat, the wheels would stick in the mud and then a grand turmoil of half an hour follow, during which time every man found in the neighborhood was impressed to aid in relieving the embargoed gun. The whipping of the horses and the cursing of the drivers was less soothing if anything than those soul shattering gunboat broadsides. There never was a night so long, so hideous or so utterly uncomfortable.

DAWN AND "IL TROVATORE."

As the gray streaks of dawn began to appear the band of the Thirteenth regulars on the deck of one of the transports came into the landing playing a magnificent selection from "Il Trovatore." How inspiring that music was! Even the poor wounded men lying in the front on the shore seemed to be lifted up, and every soldier seemed to receive an impetus. Soon there was light enough to distinguish objects around, and then came the ominous patter of musketry over beyond the river's bluff, which told that the battle was on again. It began just as a shower of rain begins, and soon deepened into a terrible hail storm with the booming artillery for thunder accompaniment. I was up and around and started immediately toward the front, for everybody felt now that the battle was to be ours. Those fresh and sturdy troops from the Army of the Ohio had furnished a huge bulwark, behind which the incomparable one day fighters of Grant and Sherman were to push to victory. The whole aspect of the field in the rear changed. The skulkers of the day before seemed to be imbued with genuine manhood, and thousands of them returned to the front to render good service.

In addition to this 6,000 fresh men under Gen. Lew Wallace, who had marched from Crump's landing ten miles away, and who should have been on the field the day before, had arrived during the night, and the tide of battle was now setting toward Corinth. I met a comrade drying himself out by a log fire about a quarter of a mile from the landing, who had by some process secured a canteen of what was known as commissary whisky. He gave me one drink of it, and that constituted my breakfast. Cold, wet and depressed as I was, that whisky, execrable though it was, brought me such consolation as I had never found before. I have drank champagne in Epernay, I have sipped Johannisberger at the foot of its sunny mount, I have tasted the regal Monte Pulsiano, but by Jove! I never enjoyed a drink as I did that swig of ordinary whisky on the morning of the 7th of April, 1862. While drying myself by this fire I saw a motley crowd of Confederate prisoners march past under guard. As they waded along the muddy road some of the cowardly skulkers indulged in the badinage, usual on such occasions, and one of our fellows called out to know what company that was. A proud young chap in gray threw his head back and replied: "Company Q of the Southern Invincibles and be damned to you." That was the spirit of that day and hour.

THE TRACKS OF THE BATTLE.

At 10 o'clock the sound of the battle indicated that our lines were being pushed forward, and I made up my mind to go to the front. I started with my companion and in a very short time we began to see about us traces of the terrible battle of the day before. We were then on the ground which had been fought over late Sunday evening. The underbrush had literally been mowed off by the bullets, and great trees had been shattered by the terrible artillery fire. In places the bodies of the slain lay upon the ground so thick that one could step from one to the other. This without exaggeration. The pallid faces of the dead men in blue were scattered among the blackened corpses of the enemy. This to me was a horrible revelation, and I have never yet heard a scientific explanation of why the majority of the dead Confederates on that field turned black. All the bodies had been stripped of their valuables, and scarcely a pair of boots or shoes could be found upon the feet of the dead.

In most instances pockets had been cut open, and one of the pathetic sights that I remember was a poor Confederate lying on his back, while by his side was a heap of ginger cakes and sausage which had tumbled out of the trousers pocket cut by some infamous thief. The unfortunate man had evidently filled his pocket the day before with the edibles found in some sutler's tent, and had been killed before he had an opportunity to enjoy his bountiful store. There was something so sad about this that it brought tears to my eyes.

Further on I passed by the road the corpse of a beautiful boy in gray, who lay with his blonde curls scattered about his face, and his hands folded peacefully across his breast. He was clad in a bright and neat uniform, well garnished with gold, which seemed to tell the story of a loving mother and sisters who had sent their household pet to the field of war. His neat little cap lying beside him had the number of a Georgia regiment embroidered, I am sure, by some tender fingers, and his waxen face, washed by the rains of the night before, was that of one who had fallen asleep, dreaming of loved ones who waited his coming in some anxious home. He was about my age. He may have been a drummer.

At the sight of that poor boy's corpse I burst into a regular boo hoo and started on. Here beside a great oak tree I counted the corpses of fifteen men. One of them sat stark against the tree and the others lay about as though during the night, suffering from wounds, they had crawled together for mutual assistance and there had died. The blue and the gray were mingled together. This peculiarity I observed all over the field. It was no uncommon thing to see the bodies of Federal and Confederate lying side by side as though they had bled to death while trying to aid each other.

In one spot I saw an entire battery of Federal artillery which had been dismantled in Sunday's fight, every horse of which had been killed in his harness, every tumbril of which had been broken, every gun of which had been dismounted, and in this awful heap of death lay the bodies of dozens of cannoneers. One dismounted gun was absolutely spattered with the blood and brains of the men who had served it. Here and there in the field standing in the mud were the most piteous sights of all the battlefield—poor wounded horses, their heads drooping, their eyes glassy and gummy, waiting for the slow coming of death, or for some friendly hand to end their misery. How those helpless brutes spoke in pleading testimony of the horror, the barbarism and the uselessness of war. No painter ever did justice to a battlefield such as this I am sure.

NEWS OF VICTORY.

As I pushed onward to the front I passed the ambulances and the wagons bringing back the wounded, and talked with the poor bleeding fellows who were hobbling toward the river along the awful roads or through the dismal chapparal. They all brought news of victory. Toward evening I found myself in the neighborhood of the old Shiloh church, but could get no tidings of the Seventieth regiment. Night came on and I laid down and fell asleep at the foot of a tree, having gathered up a blanket soaked with water, which I could only use for a pillow. It rained all night. The battle had practically ended at 4 o'clock that evening, and the enemy had slowly and silently withdrawn toward Corinth. Next morning I learned that my father's regiment had been sent in pursuit of the enemy, and nobody could tell when it would return.

I found the camp, and oh, what desolation reigned there! Every tent had been pillaged, and in my father's headquarters, the gentlemen of the enemy, who had camped there two nights before, had left a duplicate of nearly everything they had taken. They had exchanged their dirty blankets for clean ones and had left their old, worn brogans in the place of boots and shoes which they had appropriated, and all about were the evidences of the feasting that had gone on during that one night of glorious possession. I remained there during the day, and late that evening the Seventieth regiment came back to its deserted quarters after three days and two nights of most terrible fighting and campaigning.

At its head rode my father whom I supposed to be dead, pale and haggard and worn, but unscratched. He had not seen me or heard from me for sixty hours. He dismounted and taking me in his arms gave me the most affectionate embrace that my life had ever known, and I realized then how deeply he loved me. That night we stayed in the old bullet ridden and shot torn tent and told of our adventures, and the next day I had the pleasure of hearing Gen. Sherman compliment him for his bravery and say, "Colonel, you have been worth your weight in gold to me."

* * * * * *

Speaking the other day to Gen. Sherman, the last and the greatest of our warriors, I asked him: "What do you regard as the bloodiest and most sanguinary battle of our Civil War?"

"Shiloh," was the prompt response.

And in this opinion I most heartily concur.

—John A. Cockerill in The Journalist.

The Fort Fisher Failure.

The recent controversy between Gen. Butler and Admiral Porter has added nothing to the history of the Fort Fisher failure. During the action Admiral Porter was putting his complaints on record. On Dec. 25, when the Union troops were near the fort, Porter, on his flagship, called out to Butler: "There is not a Confederate within five miles of the fort. You have nothing to do but to march in and take it." Two days later he wrote to the secretary of the navy, and spoke of his "disappointment at the conduct of the army authorities in not attempting to take possession of the forts, which had been so completely silenced by our guns. They were so blown up, burst up and torn up that the people inside had no intention of fighting any longer. Had the army made a show of surrounding it, it would have been ours, but nothing of the kind was done." Further on he declared in his communication, "There never was a fort that invited soldiers to walk in and take it more plainly than Fort Fisher. * * * We silenced the guns in one hour's time."

The gist of Porter's claim twenty-five years ago and now is that his bombardment effectually silenced the fort, and had the commander of the Union land forces put his men in, the work must have fallen on Christmas day.

Gen. Butler's case goes back to the stage of preparation, and shows that his transport fleet with troops was ready to start on the expedition on Dec. 9, and that the navy was not ready, and Porter named the 12th as the day of sailing from Fort Monroe. The 13th was fixed for the day of sailing, but the armed fleet had to go to Beaufort harbor for ammunition. Butler was at the rendezvous off Fort Fisher on the 15th, but the navy had not returned from Beaufort. Three days more were lost in waiting for the navy, and by that time, the 18th, Butler's transport fleet needed coal and water, having been on the sea for ten days, the full time for which the vessels were supplied. These vessels now had to go to Beaufort, seventy miles distant, to get the supplies needed. Before he got back to the rendezvous Butler learned that the navy had gone forward to the attack without him, and that the powder ship, upon which so much had been staked, had been exploded while the army was far out of reach.

The charges by Admiral Porter having been made public property at the time, Gen. Butler, who was immediately superseded in the command of the North Carolina department, began a search for evidence to refute the admiral's claims. Gen. Whiting, the Confederate commander at that point, soon became a Union prisoner, and was confined at Fort Columbus, New York harbor, for several months. Gen. Butler prepared a long list of questions concerning the defenses of Fort Fisher and the situation there during the attack. Gen. Whiting replied to the questions in detail, and showed that there were nineteen guns in position on the land face ready to meet any land force such as Admiral Porter protested could have advanced on that side. Col. Lamb, the commandant of the fort, stated that had he opened his guns not a man could have lived there. It was also shown that the bombardment by Porter's vessels was general and effected no particular damage. Gen. Whiting said: "The garrison was at no time driven from their guns, and fired in return, according to orders, slowly and deliberately, six hundred and sixty-two shot and shell."—Geo. L. Kilmer.

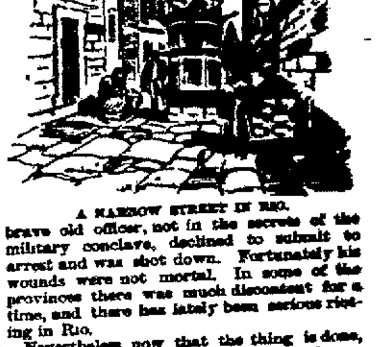
—Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong druggist, Smethport. 26-42-1y

THE BRAZILIAN TROUBLE.

THE ATTEMPTS AT COUNTER-REVOLUTION SEEM FEEBLE.

Personnel of the New Government—It Appears to Be Half of Soldiers and Half Editors—The Streets of Rio—Other Local Curiosities.

The Brazilian revolution did not turn out to be that simple and peaceful proceeding which it was first announced to other nations to be. There was a little skirmishing here and there, some rioting was indulged in, and one brave old officer, not in the secrets of the military conclave, declined to submit to arrest and was shot down. Fortunately his wounds were not mortal. In some of the provinces there was much discontent for a time, and there has lately been serious rioting in Rio.



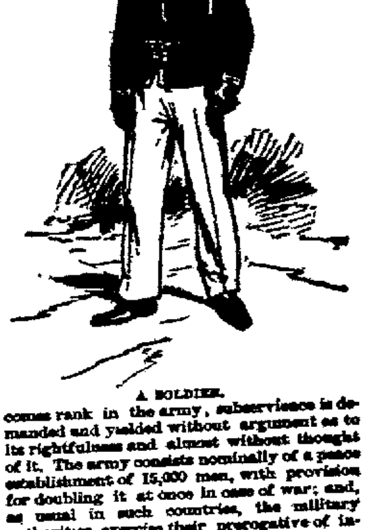
A NARROW STREET IN RIO.

Nevertheless, now that the thing is done, imperialists and conservatives of the better classes appear as anxious to make the new system a success as are the soldiers and republicans.

One may well place the soldiers first, for the revolution was exclusively an affair of the army. The curious feature of it is that all the new rulers are comparatively obscure men. Brazilians in other countries confess amazement that such men should have been elevated to power, and profess a belief that men of more prominence and experience will soon succeed them. English and American observers, on the other hand, see nothing to justify such an expectation. Of the eight men now acting as administrators of the provisional government not more than two had been heard of abroad, and though the world has been curious about them for a month, still very little is known.

Gen. Deodoro da Fonseca, now president, may be set down as the author of the revolution. He came out of the war with Paraguay the idol of the soldiers, and by organizing semi-social, semi-political clubs among the officers, gradually attached them to his fortunes, and introduced his scheme for a revolution so gradually and cautiously that the matter was as good as decided before the imperial authorities were aware of anything dangerous. When the soldiers demanded more pay Dom Pedro's officials took their own time to consider the demand, and before they came to a conclusion the revolution came.

In a country with such a heterogeneous population as Brazil, the army is necessarily a military copy of the gradations of civil society as well as of colors. In all countries of mixed blood and many shades the ruling race is the whitest. In Brazil, as in Turkey and Mexico, the commanding officers are white or nearly so, the private soldiers black, brown and mixed, and the line officers intermediate. The caste of common life becomes rank in the army, subservience is demanded and yielded without argument as to its rightfulness and almost without thought of it. The army consists nominally of a peace establishment of 15,000 men, with provision for doubling it at once in case of war; and, as usual in such countries, the military authorities exercise their prerogative of increasing or diminishing it somewhat arbitrarily, as their political or other schemes may require. The ordinary navy consists of some 90 steam vessels, with 222 guns and 5,704 seamen—a very respectable navy, indeed, for a fourth class power.



A SOLDIER.

Some of the cities of Brazil, the older ones and especially Rio, present very odd combinations of the Old World and the New. The streets are as narrow and the dwellings as closely crowded together as if land were as precious as in Portugal, while just outside of many cities, especially Para, one passes at once to a waste—often to a tropical jungle or wilderness. The discoverers of the Bay of Rio imagined they were entering the mouth of another Amazon or even an opening to the western ocean, and in this sanguine spirit named it the "River of January." It does not, in fact, even receive what should be called a river, as none of the mountain streams that flow into it are navigable. Across the bay are some very roomy suburbs, but in Rio itself the streets are so narrow that the place has a curiously pinched up appearance, and the stranger thinks 300,000 a big estimate of the population, which is at least three times that large.

The next feature to strike the visitor is the air of extreme age. It is, indeed, about three centuries old, but looks as old as any old cathedral town in Portugal. It is built for time, too, the piers are of massive granite blocks, and the public buildings generally are of a sort that will endure if the place continues exempt from earthquakes until solid rock disintegrates by time. But these are the least of the odd features of the place.

The mountains are so near that the Rio residents often find it convenient to escape to them from the intense summer heat of the capital. They insist that the narrow streets make for coolness instead of heat, and it is to be hoped they are right; for some of the busiest thoroughfares are but ten or twelve feet wide, and carriages are only allowed to move one way in them, returning by another street.

Extortion Punished.

The commander-in-chief of the Austrian army is the wealthiest man in Austria-Hungary. The other day, while on a tour of inspection in Hungary, he spent forty-eight hours in a small provincial town. The bill presented to him amounted to $767. It was paid without a murmur, but the next day the officers of the garrison received strict orders not to set foot in the hotel in question, and for the next twelve months no military band will be allowed to play in the town. That will probably make the innkeeper's extortion the dearest transaction he ever attempted.—Montreal Star.

C. O. Johnsen

Has just opened his new liquor store at No. 62 State street, Olean, N. Y., where he is always pleased to meet his friends. Orders by mail or express promptly attended to. Swedish punch a specialty. 6m.

THE unanimous assent concent and verdict of the people through this section of the country is that Dennis' Botanic Remedies are first class. Everybody try them. If not satisfactory money refunded. Try the Liver Pills for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick headache. They are sure cure. G. T. DENNIS. By H. L. McCoy, M. D.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Legal advertisements 1½ cents per line for each insertion.

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All communications should be addressed to

L. ROOKER.
Editor and Proprietor

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 10, 1890.

HON. THOS. J. STEWART will be re-nominated as Secretary of Internal Affairs because he ought to be and will be re-elected because it isn't in the plan to whip him.

HON. W. F. JORDAN, ex Mayor of Bradford, will hereafter be managing editor of the Harrisburg *Telegram*, having bought the interest of J. M. Place. The *Telegram* plant is a valuable property and will remain so under Mr. Jordan's management, who is an experienced newspaper man.

AUGUSTA, wife of the late Emperor William and the first Empress of Germany, died at the royal palace in Berlin, from a severe attack of influenza followed by pneumonia, on Tuesday of this week at 4 30 p. m. She was the present Emperor's grandmother, and her full name and title before her marriage to the late Emperor William was Augusta, Princess of Saxony-Weimar Eisenbach and Duchess of Saxony. She was born Sept. 30th 1811.

TOM COOPER, Collector of the Port at Philadelphia, has beaten the whole Civil Service business, law and all, and if any man in the country can do it he is the individual. A laborer is not compelled to go before the Civil Service Commission, and there is nothing to prevent laborers from being promoted. So Cooper fills his clerical force with competent business men by first appointing them as laborers. Good for Cooper.

JUDGE WM. D. KELLEY, member of Congress from Philadelphia, and "Father of the House," he being the oldest member, is a very sick man and will probably not live many days. Hon. Samuel J. Randall also a Philadelphia member, was sworn in by the Speaker at his residence in Washington a few days since because of his illness and inability to get to the House. It is thought he will never occupy his seat again.

A MEMBER of Congress recently said that he did not believe a single member of President Harrison's Cabinet could compete successfully with high school graduates before the Civil Service Commission. And yet this farcical business is going on, thoroughly competent men, who are capable of giving the utmost satisfaction in mercantile and manufacturing establishments or in the counting room, will not go before the Commission for fear of being rejected. Who wonders that the people are becoming more and more disgusted with this whole civil service business?

THE non-partisan Christian Temperance Union women of Pennsylvania will hold a convention in the hall of the American Sunday School Union, at 1122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on the 16th and 17th of this month, Thursday and Friday of next week. The call for the convention is signed by some forty well known ladies of the State, including Mrs Harry White of Indiana county, Mrs. H. W. Palmer of Luzerne, Mrs M. E. Stebbins of Potter, Mrs. H. W. Williams of Tioga, and Mrs L. D. Wetmore of Warren. This convention ought to be well attended.

NEGRO KILLING.

The Atlanta *Constitution*, the newspaper of the late Henry W. Grady, and the organ of the "New South," discussing editorially the murders at Jessup, Ga., says "The careless reader, misled by headlines, may jump to the conclusion that these outbreaks of violence were the direct outcome of the alleged race problem. This is not justified by the facts of the case. Mean whiskey, and not race prejudice, was at the bottom of it all."

Whiskey, mean and otherwise, is at the bottom of much of the misery of this world; but we are not disposed to permit all the blame of the Jessup massacre to be placed to the account of alcohol.

The trouble may have begun under alcoholic stimulus, but the most disgraceful part of the affair—the taking of the negro prisoners from jail and deliberately shooting them to death—was not the work of drunken men. It was done with sober deliberation and precision.

It was not "mean whisky" which impelled the Mayor of Jessup to quarter the militiamen, who had arrived with the object of preserving order, in a part of the town remote from the jail, and to refuse the offer of their commanding officer to stand guard over the prisoners, saying that the civil officers would look after their safety.

The *Constitution* insults the intelligence of newspaper readers with such disingenuous apologies.

With the latter massacre at Barnwell, S. C., whisky had nothing whatever to do. In that town eight negroes were massacred in cold blood, having been taken from jail for the purpose. There was no immediate and local cause of this butchery. The murderers seem to have been excited to the dastardly deed by the news from Jessup, and by a wish to show how much more thoroughly such work can be done in South Carolina than in Georgia.

After these bloody events, how supremely silly does this paragraph seem, which we extract from the *Constitution's* defense of the Jessup massacre:

"The South has enjoyed a year of peace and prosperity. Her classes and masses are on terms of good fellowship and comradeship. There is no bad blood between them—no grievances to redress—no wrongs to avenge. A broken fight here and a drunken riot there should not bear an exaggerated significance." — *Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

THE GUBERNATORIAL QUESTION.

The following from the Erie *Dispatch* of Dec. 31st we publish at the request of ex Sheriff Hanson. There are so many candidates in the field and all of them having friends in this county, that it is no more than fair that all should have a hearing in the party paper. Individually we have a preference, but under the circumstances we do not feel like urging our preferences upon the party. There is plenty of time to give all phases of the gubernatorial question a hearing. The *Dispatch* says:

"The gubernatorial contest of 1890, while not exciting the attention of the people of this city, generally, is being discussed, nevertheless, by the party managers hereabouts—the men upon whom the Republican leaders of the state and nation rely for the majorities which have won for Northwestern Pennsylvania the proud title—the "Citadel of Republicanism."

Naturally the nomination of Hon. G. W. Delamater, of Crawford county, for the high and responsible position of chief executive of the state has been conceded in this corner, but to thoroughly test the matter a few interviews were held to-day with leading Republicans of this city for the purpose of securing an expression of their preferences, with the following result:

John M. Glazier, collector of customs, upon being interviewed, said, "I regard the candidacy of Senator Delamater with favor. He is an excellent man, a good Republican and will, if elected, make a first-class governor. I shall support him with pleasure."

Giles D. Price, clerk of the board of commissioners and a member of the board created by the last legislature to report a measure to equalize taxation, said: "I recognize in Senator Delamater a friend of the people, a safe counsellor and a thorough Republican. I am for him for governor and will do what I can to further his aspirations."

J. I. Town, cashier of the Keystone bank, said "I have known Senator Delamater since he was a boy. I have great confidence in him and will warmly support him in his candidacy for the governorship. The Republicans of Pennsylvania cannot present the name of a better man for the place."

Gen. D. B. McCreary, senator and formerly adjutant general of the state, said "I had the pleasure of serving in the senate with Senator Delamater and I found him a man of most excellent judgment and one possessing a clear, level head. He never gets rattled, but is at all times, the cool and self poised legislator. He possesses rare executive ability and will make, if chosen, a model governor. I am personally friendly to Gen Hastings and Secretary of State Stone, but Delamater resides in this congressional district, therefore I shall give him my cordial support."

Wellington Downing, chairman of the Republican County Committee, on learning the business of the interviewer, said "Senator Delamater is the choice of the Republicans of Erie county for governor. We recognize in him the candidate of the northwest and will stand by him loyally in his canvass."

Jos. Johnston, senior member of the wholesale house of Johnston & Brevillier, said "I am for Delamater for governor and so are the Republicans of Erie county. I regard him an able and safe candidate—just such a man as the people of this state need to watch over and direct the affairs of government."

G. T. Churchill, of the firm of Churchill & Williams, wholesale dealers in grain, said. "I have known the Delamater family for many years and from what I know about the senator I can cheerfully certify to his capacity, his integrity as a citizen and his staunch Republicanism. I shall support him in his candidacy for the governorship and regard it as the proper thing for every Republican in the northwest to do likewise. I regard his candidacy as an important matter to the people of this section and it would be bad politics to give him other than whole-hearted support."

J. F. Downing, general insurance agent, said "I am for Delamater for governor. He lives in the northwest and every Republican in this section should stand by him. I hear of no opposition to him and there should be none. The governorship has never fallen to the northwest so far in the history of the state, and now that we have the opportunity to secure it we should have sense enough to land the prize."

S. A. Davenport, the well known lawyer, said "The candidacy of Senator Delamater for governor should be made a personal matter by the Republicans of the northwest and I believe he will receive the unanimous support of the Republicans of Erie county. Delamater is an able and upright man and possesses every quality needed to make a thoroughly good governor. He shall have my support and influence from now until the polls close."

Col. E. P. Gould, a leading attorney, said "I am for Delamater for governor and it is the height of folly for any Republican, hereabouts, to refuse to support him. He is an able man, and if elected he will make an executive that all will delight to honor."

W. J. Robinson, county treasurer, formerly chairman of the Republican County Committee, said: "I am a warm personal admirer of Senator Delamater and shall do all within my power to aid him in his canvass."

Hon. Matthew Griswold said "I regard Senator Delamater an able and experienced man. He would make a good governor and it will afford me pleasure to support him. He is a resident of this congressional district and for that reason he will receive the hearty support of Erie county, since our people recognize the necessity of a pooling of interests if the claims of the northwest, to the governorship, are ever to be acknowledged and respected."

It is plain that the Republicans of Erie have but one candidate for governor, and his name is George Wallace Delamater.

TO MURDER THE CZAR.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg of Jany. 3d, says: The Nihilist leader Pierra has been arrested at Warsaw. On his person and at his lodgings the police found pamphlets and letters involving a number of officers of the Imperial Guard in what is believed to be a desperate Nihilist plot against the life of the Czar.

Later to-day it is stated that the arrest of Pierra has been productive of disclosures far more startling than any of the alarming revelations which have come to the police within the last few days, appalling as they have been. From the letters and documents found concealed in his clothing the most damning evidence is obtained against many persons high in Imperial favor and authority, contemplating not the assassination of the Czar alone, but the murder of the entire reigning family as well.

Already many of the conspirators have been taken into custody, and those still at large are under espionage or being tracked by relentless police officials to the end of their lodgment in prison, whence they will almost certainly go to their death.

Several of the implicated persons were apprehended while attempting to leave the country.

WHO WILL SUCCEED HARRISON.

J. V. Cravraft, the Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph* is one of the shrewdest and best posted newspaper men at the National Capital. In a recent letter he speculates to considerable length as to the Republican candidate for President in 1892 and has this to say about the President succeeding himself:

"There is one singular feature of this Presidential forecast yet to be mentioned, and that is that President Harrison does not figure in any of the Republican calculations. He is not heard of as a probability for 1892. Alger, Allison, Blaine and others are mentioned as available, but few seem to consider Harrison in connection with the succession. There are two principal reasons for this. The sentiment of the country is growing in favor of a single term. Amendments have been suggested to the Constitution limiting the Presidential office to one term, but such a change in the organic law appears unnecessary. Public opinion seems strong enough to control this question without a resort to a Constitutional amendment. As Governors in several of the States and Mayors of a number of large cities are ineligible by law to a second term, so the people seem to have decreed with regard to the Presidency.

"The other reason why Harrison is not in favor for a second term is that he is not popular with the Republicans. He has a way of doing things according to his own notions of right and wrong, propriety and impropriety that is exceedingly distasteful to men who seek to control his action. He has been beset by spoilsmen as few Presidents have since his grandfather, who met his death at their hands, and yet he feels that he is in duty bound to redeem his pledges to uphold the Civil Service law. His adherence to the party pledges has made him unpopular with patronage brokers, including several Senators who have not been able to convince the President in all cases that they had recommended the best men for office. The entire opposition to Harrison thus far developed grows out of the distribution of patronage. He has had no opportunity thus far to show his hand on anything else. No legislation has come before him for his approval or veto, and so far as great public acts are concerned the administration is yet a sealed book.

"Now that Congress is about to settle down to work and legislate for the country, the mettle of the President will be put to test on matters of more general concern to the people than the appointment of tide waiters and cross roads Postmasters. If he meets the full measure of public expectation on the great questions that are bound to come before him during his administration there may be such a reaction in his favor as will carry him through another term despite all opposition, but it is evident the Republican leaders are not now looking in the direction of the White House for a candidate in 1892."

THE Republicans of the New York Assembly elected, on Tuesday last, Gen. James W. Husted of Westchester county as their speaker. This is Gen. Husted's sixth term, a greater number than any other man of any party ever served.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

Specht and Sasse are sole agents in this section of the County for the Crosby Invalid Bed. This is one of the most useful articles for the sick room ever invented, and it would be a most welcome christmas present to send to your sick friend. It gives comfort and ease to invalids when they are so exhausted from disease that they are obliged to be lifted from one bed to another to have it made up. It affords easy access to the body in cases of fractures, amputations, dysentery, fevers, rheumatism, &c. It is simple in construction and will not get out of order. Call and see it at their Furniture rooms on Main Street.

LITERARY NOTES.

A PLAY IS AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

From Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography now being published with pictures in the *Century*, we quote the following: "I remember that during the rehearsal of the 'School for Scandal' I was impressed with the idea that the performance would not go well. It is always a difficult matter to bring a company of great artists together for a night and have them act in unison with each other: not from any ill feeling, but from the fact that they are not accustomed to play together. In a fine mechanical contrivance, the ease and perfection with which it works often depend upon the fact that the cog-wheels have their different proportions. On this occasion they were all identical in size, highly polished, and well made, but not adapted to the same machinery. Seeing a hitch during the rehearsal in one of the important scenes, I ventured, in my official capacity to make a suggestion to one of the old actors. He regarded me with a cold, stony gaze, as though I had been at a great distance,—which I was, both in age and in experience—and gave me to understand that there was but one way to settle the matter, and that was his way. Of course, as the company did not comprise the one regularly under my management I felt that it would be becoming in me to yield, which I did, not however, without protesting that the position I took was the proper and only one, under the circumstances, and when I saw the scene fail and virtually go to pieces at night, I confess that I felt some satisfaction in the knowledge that my judgment had been correct. In fact, the whole entertainment, while it had been a financial success, was an artistic failure. People wondered how so many great actors could make a performance go off so tamely.

"Harmony is the most important element in a work of art. In this instance each piece of mosaic was perfect in form and beautiful in color, but when fitted together they matched badly, and the effect was crude. An actor who has been for years the main attraction in his plays, and on all occasions the central and conspicuous figure of the entertainment can scarcely be expected to adapt himself at once to being grouped with others in one picture: having so long performed the solo, it is difficult to accompany the air. A play is like a picture: the actors are the colors, and they must blend with one another if a perfect work is to be produced. Should these fail to agree as to the value and distribution of their talents, then through they be ever so great, they must submit their case to the care and guidance of a master hand."

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning.

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

They Take the Cake.

The heavy bobs manufactured by T. H. Purdie at his shop on Water street, are acknowledged by lumbermen as being the best and most durable sleighs ever sold in Smethport. All seasoned woods in oak and hickory, and made with patent brakes if desired. Call and get his prices before buying elsewhere.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

It is said that a young man experiences more real enjoyment in finding a red ear at a husking bee, than he does later in life when he draws $15,000 in a lottery.

An agricultural paper contains a long article on "early lambs," yet it doesn't mention Mary's celebrated animal, which is the earliest lamb mentioned in our books. Speaking of Mary's lamb reminds me that the original of that well-known nursery ballad, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," died a few years ago at her home in Somerville, Mass., aged 83 years. Her child name was Mary E. Sawyer, and in her early years she attended school at Sterling, Mass., where the episode of the historic little lamb occurred, or in the words of the song, where "it followed her to school one day."

The Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, met in the Hall of Representatives, at Harrisburg, on the 10th ult., remaining in session three days. More than 300 delegates were present, representing nearly every county in the State. Nearly as many Patrons and friends were interested visitors. Of the delegates, over 100 were ladies, many of whom took an active part in the proceedings. The reports of the Secretary showed the organization to be in excellent condition, both financially and in its membership. Forty-five new granges were organized during the year, with an average membership of over 25 each, and a steadily increasing interest in the grange is manifest among the farmers generally. May it go on increasing until every township, in every county, in every State in the United States has its grange. In speaking of the convention, the Harrisburg *Telegram* has this to say: "All questions were discussed with such ability and intelligence as to prove that a convention of representative men and women from their farms is as fully equal in judgment and knowledge of public affairs as that of any other class.

HORSES—A PLEA FOR MAN'S BEST SERVANT.

The horse is the most beautiful, graceful and intelligent of domestic animals, and also the most useful to man, and yet how very often we see him cruelly abused by those whom he is doing his best to serve. He receives the best treatment in Arabia, and it would be well if some folks who think themselves much superior to the Arabs, would learn lessons from them, in regard to treating their horses. Among them the horse is considered as constituting an important part of the family, often living under the same roof. It is fed regularly, and given the most careful attention, and on no account is it ill-treated. The horse is a native of the Old World, but has accompanied man, and become established in almost every quarter of the globe. The wild horse of North and South America are not natives of these countries, but the descendants of the horses of the Spaniards, brought over in their early expeditions.

Horses, like people, are born with characters, which are molded and developed according to the treatment and the handling which they receive in youth. Many a horse, born only with a high spirit, has become a vicious brute, because of the manner in which he was "broke." Patience and gentleness are the only methods in breaking and training the colt that should be used. Yet many a sore mouth, from the horrible bit, or blows from the whip does he receive in his earlier years, which leave such lasting impressions on the horse-mind, that they can never be eradicated by any subsequent treatment. The severe bit and gag should be forever banished from the stable. They are only instruments of torture, and should never, except possibly in extreme cases, be used. Instances are plenty, where horses that were considered positively dangerous, when the gag was used, have become perfectly tractable by changing to the light bit, or snaffle. Many horses have very tender mouths and are of excitable tempers, and these require the greatest care, and gentlest handling, and when we have seen the inhuman treatment to which such horses are often subjected, we wonder that there not more vicious horses than there are.

Another thing that should be abolished is the check or bearing rein. It is natural and clear to all, if we would only stop and think, that when the body is to draw or pull a weight, the head should have free power to extend itself forward, and with the bearing rein this is impossible. Think for a moment of the cruelty in its use, the pain and weariness the horse must experience in being obliged to keep his head and neck in a position totally at variance with nature, while at the same time you expect him to travel or draw his load without wincing.

We have all seen horses throw their head from side to side or toss it up and down, while flecks of white foam flew from the mouth in every direction, and the horse was jerked and cuffed for being so "restless." Is it any wonder it was restless and trying in a vain endeavor to find a moments relief from the cramped and unnatural position in which its neck was held, and the monstrous bits which fill its mouth, causing intense suffering.

Another thing which deserves mention in the treatment of a horse is his watering and feeding. The stomach of a horse is small in proportion to his size, and a writer says "three times a day is often enough to feed a horse," but four times is better, a lunch at bed time will do him good. Another writer says "that unlike human beings, horses should drink only before eating," but we beg leave to differ with him. To our notion a horse like human beings, should drink when he is thirsty and when eating oats, corn or hay, all of which is dusty and filled with ingredients which parch his throat he naturally longs for water, and it should be given him. When the horse comes in from the field or road at noon, tired and thirsty, let him drink, not too much however, if he is warm, and then after he has eaten let him have all he wants to drink. Then in the evening water him again before feeding and also afterwards. A good way to save trouble is to have a drinking manger in the stall as well as the feed manger, for it is a well-known fact that when a horse has free access to water in the stable, he will not drink half as much as when left till he becomes extremely thirsty before he is watered. If he has his manger of good fresh water beside him—a bucket would do, but he is liable to upset it—he will sip from it while eating. We have seen them merely moisten their lips and seemed to enjoy it, yet if left with them, all night they will perhaps not drink the half of it, while if you take the same quantity to the horse which has had no water since the evening before, he will gulp it all down, drain every drop. There is no excuse for ill-treatment, or neglect of these dumb servants of man. What would we do without them? Treat them ever in a kind and humane manner, remembering that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

New York Health Department.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, Superintendent of the Sanitary Bureau of New York City writes the following unsolicited letter regarding Speer's Port Grape Wine.

New York, January, 1889.

Mr. Speer,

The box of wine has been safely received. I trust that 1889 will do you the justice you deserve. I never lose an opportunity to recommend your good wine, for I know it to be one of the pure brands obtainable.

Yours sincerely,
CYRUS EDSON.

For sale by druggists.

MRS. -:- J. -:- DUFFY,

Bakery & Restaurant,

MT. JEWETT, PA.

Dec. 20, 1889.—1y.

C. D. Johnson

Has just opened his new liquor store at No. 63 State street, Olean, N. Y., where he is always pleased to meet his friends. Orders by mail or express promptly attended to. Swedish punch a specialty.

For Sale.

H. F. SWANSON, who lives on the Marvin Creek road, about 4 miles from Smethport, has a young cow for sale. She will give milk in the middle of January.

Court Proclamation.

The Hon. A. C. OLMSTED, President Judge, of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphan's Court and Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean, has issued his precept, bearing date Friday, Dec. 13th, 1889, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, at the borough of Smethport, Pa., on Monday, the 20th day of Jan., A. D. 1890, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Pa., Dec. 20th, 1889, and in the 113th year of the independence of the United States of America.

W. B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Trial List.

For Third Monday of January, A. D. 1890.

1. J. B. Nutting vs John Oncel. No. 107, February term, 1889. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-Assumpsit. Labor claim.
2. J. B. Phillips vs J. W. Beacom, No. 241, May term, 1882. Feigned issue. Plea filed.
3. Frank A. Newell vs A. T. Newell. No. 35, September term, 1884. Appeal. Plea—Nil debit.
4. A. H. Logan, Lewis Emery, Jr., and W. H. Weaver, partners under the firm name of Logan, Emery & Weaver, vs Pennsylvania Railroad Company. No. 120, December term, 1887. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-Assumpsit, payment and statute of limitation.
5. The First National Bank of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, vs George A. Berry and Lewis Emery, Jr. No. 100, February term, 1883. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-Assumpsit, payment, set off with leave, &c.
6. The First National Bank of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, vs George A. Berry, F. E. Boden, T. J. Melvin and C. C. Melvin. No. 101, February, term, 1883. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-Assumpsit, set off payment with leave, &c.
7. E. H. Hoag & Co. vs W. F. Ormsby. No. 23, May term, 1883. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-Assumpsit, payment with leave, &c.
8. Grand Rapids School Furniture Company a corporation organized and doing business under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Michigan, vs Otto School District. No. 63, May term, 1888. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-Assumpsit.
9. John A. Turner and Robert Bishop vs The Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railroad Company. No. 220, December term, 1888. Trespass. Plea—Not guilty.
10. George F. Washburn vs Dwelling House Insurance Company by their agent, George H. Smart, No. 231, December term, 1888. Appeal. Plea—Non-Assumpsit.
11. F. H. Bailey vs R. M. Waugh and George Porter, as firm of Waugh & Porter. No. 152, February term, 1889. Appeal. Plea—Non-Assumpsit.
12. F. H. Riley vs Michael Shafer. No. 12, May term, 1889. Appeal. Plea—Non-Assumpsit.
13. Joseph Contner vs S. M. Jordan. No. 10, May term, 1889. Appeal. Plea—Non-Assumpsit.
14. J. W. Beacom vs R. M. Graham and J. B. Phillips. No. 202. May term, 1889. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-Assumpsit, payment and set off.
15. W. A. Young vs R. F. Cory. No. 326, May term, 1889. Trespass. Plea—Not guilty.
16. William Homan vs. C. L. Casterline, J. W. Baker, W. H. McSherry, E. F. Wyant and Wm. Chambers, partners doing business as E. F. Wyant, Frank French and James Gormley, partners doing business as French & Gormley, and C. E. Tucker. No. 270, October term, 1889. Trespass. Plea of not guilty for C. L. Casterline, J. W. Baker, Frank French, James Gormley.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it; effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence,

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185 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

23-29—1y

FREE. OUR NEW $85 Solid Gold Watch. Worth $100.00. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, solid gold hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

S. S. WOODBURY,
BRADFORD, PA.,
Successor to

CONSOLIDATED BOTTLING CO.

Bartholmay's Rochester Beer Delivered Prepaid

in Smethport, Kane, Olean and intermediate towns at $1 35 single case of 2 doz., or $1 25 per case for two or more. Pay money to Express Agents, with instructions to purchase as above, and goods will arrive by return train.

The Press
(NEW YORK)
FOR 1890.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY.

The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES.

Founded December 1st, 1887.

LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION OF ANY REPUBLICAN PAPER IN AMERICA.

THE PRESS is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to avenge.

The Most Remarkable Newspaper Success in New York.

THE PRESS is now a NATIONAL NEWSPAPER, rapidly growing in favor with Republicans of every state in the Union.

Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of The Press. It is an expensive paper published at the lowest price American Currency permits.

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As an advertising medium The Press has no superior in New York. It reaches an excellent class of readers. Rates very reasonable. Full information upon application.

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Jan. 3—3t.

RADAM'S
MICROBE KILLER
Cures All Diseases,

The claim to cure all diseases, may at first glance seem very absurd; but after reading our pamphlet, giving a history of the Microbe Killer, explaining the germ theory of disease, and reading our testimonials, which will prove conclusively there is no disease it will not cure, the truth of the assertion becomes clear. No person suffering from any blood, chronic or contagious disease should let a day pass without getting and reading this interesting book, which will be given away or mailed free. The gentlemen connected with this company are well-known business men of this city. Agents wanted everywhere. Address,

The
Wm. Radam
Microbe
Killer Co.,
54 Sixth Avenue,
NEW YORK CITY.

26-6-eow-1y.

FARM FOR SALE.—One mile north of Smethport. For particulars apply to
Oct. 30, 1889. C. W. FREEMAN.

PROF. MILLS' ORCHESTRA—Six and seven pieces. Music furnished for balls and private parties in a satisfactory manner. Terms reasonable. Address Prof. F. R. MILLS,
Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

A THREE-AND-A-HALF YEAR OLD half-blood Percheron Colt. Well broke. Enquire of
C. M. COLEGROVE,
Dec. 17, 1889.—3t. Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

A MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE, WITH A valuable water power. Good place for Shingle mill or grist mill. Address the undersigned.
MRS. SUSAN E. STRONG,
East Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE her house and four lots on the northeast corner of Main and Nelson streets, in Smethport borough. For terms of sale apply to
MRS. L. T. MEDBURY,
Sept. 5th, 1889. Smethport, Pa.

Farm For Rent.

A GOOD FARM, convenient to Smethport. Fifty acres improved. Good water, good fences, good fruit and good location, together with stock, farming implements, &c. Will rent for cash, for a term of five years, upon easy terms, to the right party. Possession April 1st, 1890. For further particulars enquire of M. N. Allen, Esq., East Smethport, McKean Co., Pa.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of Stockholders of the Big Level & Kinzua Railroad Company will be held in the Magowan Building, Kane, Pa., on Monday, January 13, 1890, at 7:30 p. m.

D. T. HALL,
Dec. 20—3t. Secretary.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of Stockholders of the Mount Jewett, Kinzua & Riterville Railroad Company, will be held in Magowan building, Kane, Pa., on Monday, January 13th, 1890, at 8 p. m.

HARRIET A. KANE,
Dec. 20—3t. Secretary.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of Stockholders of the Big Level Railroad Company will be held in Magowan building, Kane, Pa., on Monday, January 13th, 1890, at 8.30 p. m.

Dec. 20—3t. D. T. HALL, Secretary.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of Stockholders of the Mount Jewett Gas Company will be held at the Company's office, in Wetmore township, near Kane, Pa.; on Monday, February 24th 1890, at 3 p. m., for the purpose of voting for or against a proposed increase of the capital stock of said company to fifteen thousand dollars.

THOS. L. KANE,
President.
HARRIET A. KANE,
Secretary.
Dec 20—3t.

Stockholders' Annual Election.

TAKE NOTICE THAT A MEETING OF the Stockholders of the Smethport Water Company will be held at the general office of the company, in Smethport, McKean county, Pa., on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1890, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, for the election of Directors of said company.

ALVIN B. ARMSTRONG, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1889 —td.

AND NOW, NOVEMBER 25th, 1889, it is ordered that the regular term of Court of Common Pleas, Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Orphans' Court heretofore commencing on the fourth Monday of May, in each year, and continuing two weeks, shall hereafter commence on the first Monday of June in each and every year until changed according to law and continue two weeks.

PER CURIAM.
Attest:
J. H. McELROY, Prothonotary.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors, a meeting of the Stockholders of the Smethport Water Company will be held at the general office of the company, in Smethport, McKean county, Pa., (which is the office of A. B. Armstrong, the treasurer of the company), on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1890, at two o'clock p. m. of said day, for the purpose of voting for or against an increase of the capital stock of said company from ten thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars, at which time and place all the stockholders of said company are requested to be present.

ALVIN B. ARMSTRONG, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1889.—td.

Incorporation Notice.

In the Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court [or a Law Judge thereof] on Friday, the 20th day of December, A. D. 1889, at 11 o'clock, under the "Corporation act of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four," and the supplements thereto, by M. W. Moffitt, David Howells, Charles Ross, Albert Peterson, W. J. Arney and others, for an intended corporation to be called "Kane Cemetery Association" the character and object of which is to maintain and manage a cemetery and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said act and its supplements.

ELISHA K. KANE, Secretary.

Notice.

MARY FAIRCHILDS, By her next friend T. G. Clark vs CROWELL H. FAIRCHILDS. } Court of Common Pleas of McKean County. No 232, May Term, 1889.

I have been appointed Commissioner to take testimony on part of the Libellant in above case, and will attend to the duties of my appointment at the office of O. B. McCalmont in the City of Bradford, Pa., December 27th, 1889, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 10 o'clock p. m. All interested may attend.

J. S. BARLOW,
Commissioner.

td

Auditors' Notice.

H. Hamlin vs. Charles Nelson. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa.
No. 413, October Term, 1889
E. D. 126, October Term, 1889
No. 414, October Term, 1889,
E. D. 127, October Term, 1889,
No. 415, October Term, 1889
E. D. 129, October Term, 1889,
No. 234, October Term, 1889
E. D. 147, October Term, 1889,

1889, Nov 25. On motion E. L. Keenan, Esq., appointed Auditor.

PER CURIAM.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.
1889. Dec 18. Certified from the record.
J. H. McELROY Prothonotary.
W. F. SPECHT, Deputy.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of the above appointment at my office, in Smethport, Pa., on the 18th day of January, 1890, at 10 o'clock, a. m. where all parties interested may appear or be forever debarred from sharing in the distribution of the fund.

Dec. 20—4t. E. L. KEENAN, Auditor.

MASON & HAMLIN
ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

NEW MODEL ORGAN, STYLE 2244 — Contains a five octave, Nine Stop Action, furnished in a large and handsome case of solid black walnut. Price $99 cash: also sold on the Easy Hire System at $12.37 per quarter, for ten quarters, when organ becomes property of person hiring.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS. — The Mason & Hamlin "Stringer," invented and patented by Mason & Hamlin in 1882, is used in the Mason & Hamlin pianos exclusively. Remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune characterize these instruments.

POPULAR STYLES ORGANS AT $22 $32.50, $60, $78, $96, AND UP.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash, Easy Payments and Rented. Catalogues free.

ATTENTION!

Having taken the agency for the Celebrated

IVERS & POND PIANO,

of Boston, and the

STORY and CLARK ORGAN,

of Chicago, (Instruments equaled by few, and excelled by no other makes, except in prices.) I will sell them on time and

EASY PAYMENTS,

by the month, or quarter, to suit customers. They are warranted for five years, and if after a trial of from three to six months, they fall below the recommend, will be removed at the Company's expense, and

MONEY REFUNDED.

Liberal discounts on

CASH SALES.

A reasonable price allowed for old instruments in exchange for new.

MRS. M. E. RICHMOND,
Smethport, Pa

-:- FURNITURE. -:-

Talk is cheap, but Sound Business Principles always pays in the long run. To the people of Smethport and the country surrounding, we have a few words to say.

First—we keep the finest and best quality as well as the cheapest goods in the furniture line, to be found in any establishment.

Second—We sell our goods at a living profit, and don't pretend to sell at less than what they cost.

Third—If we have not the goods wanted we will procure them at prices to suit purchasers.

We claim that no purchaser wants shoddy furniture palmed off onto them for first-class goods, and an experience of 27 years in the business convinces us that success always attends

-:- SQUARE DEALING. -:-

We sell a handsomer and better made bedroom set of Antique Oak furniture for $25 than was brought into this country from Buffalo during the past year for which $30 was paid,

We sell beautiful parlor sets and lounges at ten per cent. less than it will cost you to ship them in from Buffalo or Rochester.

Don't purchase until you look over our goods and prices.

SPECHT & SASSE.

V. KLAPPENBACH,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Cor. King and Church Sts., Smethport,

Keeps an assortment of English and French goods on hand from which to select. Suits will be made up in the latest and most approved styles, and entire

∴ SATISFACTION -:- GUARANTEED. ∴

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

DO YOU INTEND TO MAKE A PRESENT?

—— IF SO GO TO ——

REILLY'S FURNITURE AND CARPET STORE,

in Smethport and buy something useful and ornamental. There you will find the finest stock of furniture and carpets ever offered to the people of the county, and at prices that defy competition even in the large cities.

Bed-room suits, $12 to $70.
Parlor suits in all kinds of plushes from $45.00 to $100.
Rocking chairs from $1.00 to $20 00.
Carpets from 25 cents to $1.50 per yard.
Rugs from 75 cents to $12.00
An assortment of Wardrobes, Libraries and Bookcases: Easles, Pictures, Fine Steel Engravings, Window Shades, Wall Paper and Oil Cloths.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

Our goods are all new and of the latest styles and patterns. Those living at a distance can send in their orders and we will send goods and pay the freight,

Nov. 28, 1889. ANDREW REILLY, Manager.

FURNITURE
Established, 1836.
BUY OF THE MAKER

And Hersee's pay the freight on all out-of-town orders.

Buffalo, Nov. 30th.

The store catches the cadence of the near-by holiday music, and arrays itself in its most gorgeous colors. Out of weeks of preparation there bloom the fancies for Christmas giving, all in grand array.

The result is surprising. It's a sight, that's true. The store has worked itself up to its full capacity, discounting over and again its own past. You'll wonder at our foresightedness when you see how far we've anticipated you holiday wants.

Besides the many useful gifts—real kinsfolk gifts—which fill the store every day in the year, Santa Claus brings many special things for Christmas.

Count these among others:

Rattan Rockers	$2.00 up		
White and Gold Rockers	3.50 "		
Pink and Gold Rockers	3.50 "		
Hanging Cabinets, all woods, with Bevel Mirrors	5.50 "		
Bamboo Easles	1.50 "		
Cherry and Oak Easles	5.00 "		
Three Fold Screens, Antique Oak and Cherry	1.50 "		
Foot Rests	1.50	to	8.50
Blacking Case	1.50	"	6 00
Parlor Tables, all woods	1.75	"	9.50
Gentleman's Upholstered Smoking Chairs	10.00	"	20.00
Large Patent Rockers all grades, from	9.00	"	19.00
Ladies' Fancy Chairs	3.00	"	12.00
Ladies Fancy Writing Desks	9.00	"	55.00
Children's Rattan High Chairs	1.75	"	4.50
Children's Wood High Chairs	1.25	"	5.50
Children's Rocking chairs	1.50	"	6.00
Large High-back Solid Oak Rockers			3.00
Medium High back Antique Rockers			2.50
High back Antique Chair			1.60
Music Stands, all woods	$5.00	to	50.00
Shaving Stands	3.50	"	25.00
Hat Racks, all woods	8.00	"	150.00
Sideboards	12.00	"	300.00
Bedroom Suites	17.50	"	500.00
Dining Tables	5.50	"	75.50
Dining Chairs	1.00	"	12.00
An endless line of Parlor Suites in all coverings	45.00	"	375.00

And we pay the freight—charge nothing for boxing or shipping.

If it will help you we will send you an illustrated catalogue free.

HERSEE & CO.,
247-255 Elliott St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Two blocks from Main

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to canvass for the sale of Nursery stock. Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES paid to successful men. Apply at once stating age. Mention this paper.

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For 1890 will be as much better than The Weekly Press for 1889 as we can make it. With every issue during the new year it will be

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Each of the fifty-two numbers will contain ten pages, or eighty columns, with a total for the year of 520 pages, or 4160 columns. Thus, it will be "as big as a book," as the saying is.

A PAPER OF QUALITY.
Not only will it be as big as a book, but it will be a paper of quality as well as of quantity. It will contain the pick of everything good.

A PAPER OF VARIETY.
The idea is that The Weekly Press shall be both clean and wide awake. It will discuss all subjects of public interest and importance. The writers on the list include: Julia Ward Howe, E. Lynn Linton, Prof N. S. Shaler, Louis Pasteur, William Black, Edmund Gosse, Edgar W. Nye, Opie P. Read, and, indeed, almost every popular writer of note in this country and quite a number of distinguished writers abroad. In fiction, an attraction of the year will be "Esther," by H. Rider Haggard; another serial story, already engaged, will be "Come Forth," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A FARMER'S PAPER.
The best conducted agricultural page in America. Illustrations.

A WOMAN'S PAPER.
The "Women's page" of The Weekly Press is alone worth the subscription price. Its illustrations are attracting attention everywhere.

A CHILDRENS PAPER.
The special department for children is now addressed to the school children and school teachers of America. Let the children join the new Rainbow Club, just started. Let them compete for the prizes—all in bright, wholesome, instructive books.

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A HOUSE in the western extremity of Main street. Apply at this office.

McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible] on your paper shows the time to which [illegible] paid. [illegible] wish the address of your paper changed, [illegible] the old address as well as the new one. [illegible] your paper stopped, pay arrearages, [illegible] the paper will continue liable [illegible] whether you take it from [illegible] or not. [illegible] get the paper regularly let us [illegible] every man's paper every week, [illegible] trouble is with the mails when not received.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 10, 1890.

[illegible] Local Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[illegible] Please announce my name as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.
HORACE SEARS.

[illegible] Please announce my name as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, [illegible] of the Republican caucus.
J. H. BOWERS.

[illegible] Will you announce my name [illegible] supervisor of Keating township, [illegible] Republican caucus.
RICHARD [illegible]

[illegible] 1889.

[illegible] Will you announce my name [illegible] supervisor of Keating township, [illegible] the decision of the Republican caucus.
[illegible]

Dec. 28th, 1889.

[illegible] I desire to announce through [illegible] your paper that I will be a candidate [illegible] the office of supervisor of Keating [illegible] the Republican caucus.
C. W. [illegible]

CLUB YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

[illegible] of the Philadelphia *Weekly* [illegible] one year to any single subscriber [illegible] $1 00. We furnish the *Press* [illegible] the MINER for one year at $1 50. [illegible] furnish the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph* with the MINER for one year [illegible] same price.

[illegible] furnish the *American Farmer*, [illegible] farm journal, with the [illegible] for one year at the same price.

[illegible] furnish the *Cottage Hearth*, an [illegible] monthly periodical published [illegible] Boston, with the MINER for one [illegible] at the same price.

[illegible] furnish the *Ohio Farmer*, a leading weekly farm journal, with the [illegible] one year for $1.85.

[illegible] furnish the *Scientific American*, [illegible] periodical of its kind in the world, with the MINER, one year for [illegible]. And the *Architects and Builders* [illegible] edition of the same paper with the MINER one year for $3 00.

The price of the elegant *Cosmopolitan Magazine* is $2 40 a year to a single subscriber. We furnish this magazine and the MINER one year for $3 10.

We furnish *Harper's* the *Century* or *Scribner's Magazine* with the MINER [illegible] for the price of the magazine [illegible]. [illegible], Esq., of this place is authorized to call and receive your orders for any of these periodicals.

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

How It Came.

[illegible] "How came it?"
In and [illegible].
Why, the door was left open,
And influenza!
—*Chicago Herald.*

The heavy ulster is now in order.

The days have commenced to grow longer.

Old Hyem shakes his hoary head once more.

The blizzard from the northwest arrived Wednesday.

The walls of the new Odd Fellow's hall are rising rapidly.

Sneezing bees are being arranged to take place in a few days.

J. J. Newman, Esq., of Buffalo, was at the Central Wednesday.

The gentle snow flake makes the heart of the lumberman glad.

Cushion boxes that the girls carry on their belts are now filled with quinine.

John E. Chadwick of Friendship, spent the holidays with friends in this place.

A grand masquerade to be held at the rink, is contemplated by Manager Cutler.

Argument court convened on Tuesday and the business was disposed of that day.

An exchange says that a barrel-maker whose health is run down, should re-[illegible].

Bob Burdette recently lectured in Wellsboro on the "rise and fall of the mustache."

W. F. [illegible] and daughter of Olean, spent Friday and Saturday in Smethport.

After the Holidays the school boy says "Dive thoughts down to my soul" here Cæsar comes.

County Auditors Foster, Sonbergh and Wicks commenced their annual audit [illegible] last Tuesday.

L. W. Mason is laying a new floor and otherwise improving the interior of his handsome hardware store.

Misses Marie and Nettie Chadwick of Camden, N. Y., are visiting their brother Dr. Burg Chadwick, and wife.

Mr Clarence Hall of Olean, was in town last week visiting his brothers Benjamin and Charles Hall of the Acme mills.

Gifford's lower mill has shut down for the season. It is designed to make many improvements before opening up again.

Don't forget the Odd Fellow's grand ball next Wednesday evening. Prof. Mill's orchestra of this place, will furnish the music.

Rev E. D. Day, of the Church of the Ascension, Bradford, occupied the pulpit of St. Luke's church last Sunday, morning and evening.

The Duke Centre *Anger* has been enlarged to a five column quarto paper. There is considerable enterprise in Duke Centre journalism.

—Deputy Prothonotary H. F. Brawley has returned from a holiday vacation at Meadville. Hugh is recovering from an attack of the "grip."

—Fred, the son of Prothonotary McElroy, who has been spending the holidays in this place, returned to the Bellefonte State College last Monday.

—Dr. S. I. Wells says the physician's lot is not a happy one, when a man has to travel 15 miles to see a patient and walk his horse the entire distance.

—H. W. Nebily, Esq., of Hamilton township, one of those men whose republicanism is bred in the bone, was greeting his Smethport friends on Wednesday of this week.

—Congressman L. F. Watson of this district, and his private secretary, C. M. Shattuck, stopped over in Smethport a few hours on Saturday last, on their way to Washington.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Palmer departed on Tuesday for Jewett City, Connecticut, to attend the wedding of Miss Rena [illegible], who it will be remembered with her sister, spent several months here last summer.

Mr. O. T. Dennis and Mrs. H. Eliza Barrett, of Eldred, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony on Jan. 1st, at the home of the bride, on Edson street, by Rev. T. J. Elwell, P. E. of Olean District Genesee Conference, N. Y.

—The well-known Jno. O. Sonbergh, of Clermont, figures conspicuously in one of a series of photographs of representative American citizens of Swedish descent published in a recent issue of the *Vart Nya Hem*, of Jamestown, N. Y.

An important meeting of the E. A. U. will be held next Wednesday evening, on which occasion the officers elected to serve this year will be installed. Other important business will be transacted and all members are requested to be present.

—We have received a souvenir edition of the *Franklin Repository*, published at Chambersburg, Penna., by Pomeroy Bros. The *Repository* has rounded out a century of prosperity, and our best wishes are that it will thrive many more centuries.

—The rapid increase in the wealth of the United States the past ten years is astounding. According to the published figures the total wealth of the country is now $61,459,000,000, equal to nearly $1,000 per capita. This is an increase in ten years of $18,000,000,000, or 40 per cent.

—Philip Vickery, youngest son of F. J. Vickery, was severely injured by being run over by a hand car on the narrow gauge railroad on Sunday last, while playing with some of his companions. No bones were broken, but a gash about four inches long was cut in one of his legs.

—The Johnstown Flood Exhibition Company will give a stereopticon entertainment of the great Johnstown flood at the opera house, Tuesday evening, January 21. The entertainment is a very fine and chaste one and everything of the horrible has been eliminated from scenes of the terrible disaster.

—Wallace was peacefully slumbering on the settee in the reading room of the Wright House. It was not an evening zephyr that frolickingly divorced him from the charms of Morpheus, but a cannon fire cracker placed between his cerebellum and the settee. "Wall" is after the wag who put up the job on him.

—The newly elected officers of McKean Post, No. 347, and McKean W. R. C. No. 21, were installed by Comrade Sherman, of Kendall, for the Post, and by Dep't President, Mrs. Helen S. Morrison, for the Corps, on Thursday evening of last week, in open meeting. G. A. R. hall was filled and the services were very impressive.

—Albert Miller, who is charged with the murder of Christian Drum, at or near Emporium, in August last, was arrested at West Fairview, on the opposite side of the river from Harrisburg, on Monday afternoon of this week. He denied all knowledge of the crime, but he was the last man seen in Drum's company before the finding of his body. Miller's parents live in Harrisburg.

—Mr. N. Perkins of Kane, was in town last week to arrange for instituting Keystone Encampment, Knights of St. John and Malta, which ceremony will occur next week. All who have signed the application for the warrant and others who contemplate connecting themselves with the organization are requested to present themselves to Dr. Chadwick for examination immediately.

—In Bradford there is apparently a growing tendency to change the names of streets to avenues, and our correspondent in his last letter bewailed the existing state of affairs and thoroughfares. Open house was kept by the beau monde element of the city on New Year's day. Callers were probably received on Main avenue, Congress avenue, Corydon avenue and Newell Avenue.

—Everybody has had, is having or will have the fashionable "influenza." Complaints are heard on every hand. Influenza is like the impartial reaper—Death, it passeth by none, but reigns a monarch supreme of the living. When this king usurps Hygeia's throne, prosperity smiles on the apothecary; brandy and quinine are in great demand, and although the rest of the world may be as dead, the druggist thriveth like a ghoul.

—Judge Hamlin would have kept batchelor's hall at his banking establishment on Main street, last Tuesday, had John Forrest, Esq., been absent from the town. He reported at the bank in the morning to find that the prevailing epidemic had claimed as victims his efficient cashier, S. E. Townsend, and assistant, M. M. Coleman. The ruthless hand of La Grippe did not fall upon the Judge that day, but he may have since succumbed to it.

—The other day a practical joker entered the corridor of a Philadelphia hotel and placed his silk umbrella in a corner with the following card fastened to it: "The man who owns this umbrella can knock down an ox and will be back in a few minutes." In a few minutes he returned only to find that his umbrella was gone and the following card left in its place: "The gentleman who took this umbrella can walk ten miles an hour and will not be back at all."

—A newspaper may boom a town through its editorial and news columns, but the critical investor looks to the advertising for substantial evidence of push and life. To him they are a barometer, they measure the intensity of the public warmth, they are the pulse which indicate the healthy or unhealthy condition of the collective body of people; they tell him what he wishes to know—whether or not the community is up to the times in business matters.

—H. C. Witwer will appear at Kittredge opera house, with a strong company of comedians, on the evenings of the 16th, 17th and 18th of January. The Witwer company gave excellent satisfaction at one time, and the manager proposes to demonstrate to the people that he can still support a good company. One complimentary ticket will be given to each family in the town the first night for the purpose of getting out a crowd, and Mr. Witwer is confident of good houses the two following nights.

—Chauncy Depew says, in a recent speech he was making to the girls of Vassar College, that "when in Ireland his one supreme ambition was to kiss the Blarney stone, but when he went to Blarney Castle he found there were some difficulties. The stone is below the battlements and if one leaned over to kiss it he would certainly fall and break his neck, and there is not a ladder in all Ireland long enough to reach it from below. So in fact nobody has ever really kissed the stone." He said he threw kisses at it and had been practicing its virtues ever since.

—Chicago is about to supply itself with gas piped from the natural gas fields of Indiana, 160 miles away. This may, after all, prove a useless expense, for scientists are gradually coming to the belief that natural gas may be pretty evenly distributed everywhere under the surface of the earth. At any rate it is constantly cropping up in unlooked-for localities, as the gas wells recently discovered in Ogden, Utah, attest. Before long it may be proven conclusively that the earth is nothing but a big egg, with a thin shell of soil covering a tremendous yolk of gas.—*Boston Globe.*

Commissioners' Appointments.

With the exception of the appointment of J. C. Backus as Mercantile Appraiser, the County Commissioners made but one change in their selection of officers for the ensuing year. The change consisted in the removal of Jno. R. Chadwick as Superintendent of Poor, his successor being C. S. King of Bradford, formerly of this place. The offices of the Clerk of Commissioners, County Attorney, Jail Physician and Janitor were retained by the following well known and efficient incumbents, respectively: M. B. Greer, Hon. R. H. Rose, Dr. E. G. Brown and D. H. Quinlisk.

A Lovely Child Summoned.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Robert Earl, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Maguire, well-known residents of this place. The deceased, a most bright and interesting child, was born September 30, 1888. The death occurred last Tuesday morning at 2.30 o'clock, after an illness of about thirty-six hours from an attack of a severe form of influenza. The funeral services were held at the home on Water street yesterday at 1 15 p. m., Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating, and the remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

How many homes are desolated by the iron hand of the grim reaper? How many minds in harmony with a happy existence, are turned into chaos when the blighting hand of Death is felt? The flower that makes life a summer day, fades, droops and dies, even like the rose bud when the deadly frost creeps upon it. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the parents in their sad bereavement.

Rock Salt.

The recent discoveries of the Retsof Salt Mining Company, in the county of Wyoming, N. Y., is of much greater consequence to stock raisers than is generally understood. The salt is chemically pure and comes out in rocks as hard as ordinary boulders. It is necessary to blast these rocks to reduce them to sizes which can be handled easily. The theory has been advanced for some time past that common salt, fed indiscriminately, is injurious to horses, cattle and sheep. Europeans salt their stock by leaving a lump of rock salt, which is found in abundance in sections of their country, where stock can get at it. They satisfy their desire for salt by licking the rock. The recent discovery of the Retsof Mining Co. is the first rock salt which has been found in this country. The salt is absolutely pure, and the rock is so hard that the elements have but little effect upon it. A chunk placed in a manger is all a horse or cow will need for months.

OBITUARIES.

On Friday afternoon of last week, Peter Martin, Esq., a well known citizen of Sergeant township, started to drive from his residence on the old Adam Martin farm to the store of Lawrence Bayer, a mile and a half distant, for a load of feed. He drove a pair of four-year-old colts of his own raising, and the team having been kept in the stable for weeks past without being used, was full of life and hard to hold. In going down the hill a short distance from his house, a pile of wood by the side of the road was being passed, when one of the colts appeared frightened and began to jump. Immediately after he threw a hind leg over the wagon tongue which resulted in frightening his mate and the team became unmanageable. A neighbor's boy was with Mr. Martin and when the team started to run he jumped out, and was unharmed. Before reaching the school house on the Clermont road the wagon was upset and the team had cleared themselves from it. They ran nearly half a mile before being stopped. When the wagon was upset Mr. Martin was thrown out and when found a few moments after by some of the employees of Bayer's mill, which is only a short distance from there, he was lying beside the wagon in a dazed condition. Upon examination a wound was discovered on the side of his head and it is supposed he was struck by a piece of iron or sharp stick attached to the wagon. He was conveyed to his home where he died in about an hour and a half from the time he was hurt. Dr. [illegible] G. Brown of this place was telegraphed for, and Dr. John Brown responded to the summons but Mr. Martin had been dead an hour before he got there.

Mr. Martin was born in Philadelphia on the 11th day of December, 1834, and at the age of seven years moved, with his father's family, to this county. His father was Adam Martin, who died a few years ago, and who was one of the most substantial and best known men in Sergeant township. In June, 1870, Peter married Lenora Roeder, the result of that union being 11 children, two of whom have been buried. The deceased was an excellent citizen whose word was as good as his bond, an affectionate father and devoted husband. He was a member of the Odd Fellow's Lodge of Clermont, and of the Smethport Encampment, I. O. O. F. These organizations turned out in large numbers at his funeral which occurred on Monday, Rev. Hann officiating. The burial services as laid down in the ritual of the order were observed at the grave in Rose Hill cemetery, this place, where he was buried. A beautiful pillar of cut flowers, presented by Clermont Lodge, showing the appreciation in which he was held by his brother members, was deposited with the casket which contained all that was mortal of Peter Martin.

Edward H. Dickinson died at his residence in Norwich township at a quarter before four o'clock on Tuesday morning of this week, aged 78 years.

Mr Dickinson was born in Pilesgrove township, Salem county, N. J., on the 22d day of September, 1811. He came to McKean county in 1833 and took a contract for 100 acres of land on the west branch of Potatoe creek, which he cleared up and made his home, and where he resided up to the day of his death, latterly with his sons. On September 22d, 1836, he was married to Roxey Comes, sister of David D. Comes, Esq., of Keating township. Mrs. Dickinson died in 1857. The result of the union was eight children, four of whom—two sons, Wm. C. and Charles W., and two daughters, Mrs. M. A. Howard and Mrs. A. M. Bartlett—are still living. Up to within a few years Mr Dickinson had a vigorous constitution and was always a hard worker. He was one of the most successful hunters of all the early settlers in the Potatoe creek valley. About four years ago his health began to decline and for nearly a year he has been confined to his house most of the time. It was a general breaking down of the system incident to advanced age. On Sunday last he became unconscious most of the time, and when he died on Tuesday he dropped away without a struggle. He was a man of earnest convictions, of strict integrity and was highly respected by all who knew him. The funeral was held at the Colegrove church on Thursday of this week at 2 p. m., Rev. Hovey of the Baptist church officiating. A large congregation of relatives and friends followed his remains to their last resting place in the Colegrove cemetery.

Thomas Griffith, father of Hon. J. T. Griffith of Kane, died at his home in Ebensburg, Cambria county, on Saturday, the 4th of January, aged about 70 years. He was buried Tuesday of this week. We have no particulars as to his life.

Joseph Lucas, an old citizen of Keating and Sergeant townships, died at his home on Marvin creek on Tuesday last, aged about 80 years. Full particulars next week.

Influenza.

This strange disease is thus described by an eminent medical writer: The name influenza, adapted from the Italian, has been applied exclusively, though with no great propriety, to an epidemic or disease which usually takes on the character of catarrh. Its spread is so rapid that it not unfrequently appears throughout vast extents of territory almost simultaneously. It appears that the disease has prevailed in all climates, at all seasons and in every possible thermometrical, hydrometrical and barometrical variation. It has sometimes occurred in summer, though more frequently in colder weather. Influenza usually appears with the ordinary symptoms of catarrh, upon the whole, in rather an aggravated form. In many instances, however, it is very light, without fever and scarcely regarded by the patient. It usually begins with coryza, or sore throat, and the common preliminary symptoms of fever, as feelings of lassitude and weariness, pains in the limbs, rigors, etc., which are followed first by heat of skin, headache and excited pulse, and soon afterwards by cough, uneasiness in the chest, and other signs of pectoral disease. But the symptoms of nervous derangement are in general much more prominent than in ordinary catarrh, and there is greater muscular debility, disorders of sight and hearing, giddiness, pains in the back and limbs, general uneasiness and depression of spirits are not uncommon in the disease. The headache is often severe, sometimes effecting equally the whole head, but more frequently concentrated in the forehead, and especially in the region of the frontal sinuses. Disorders of the stomach are more common than in ordinary catarrh. But the most distinguished feature of the disease is the debility which attends it. The peculiar nature of this epidemic has been a subject of much conjecture and discussion, but has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Some have supposed that it might consist in the atmosphere vicissitudes which have often been observed to accompany the epidemic, but this notion is contradicted by the fact that the disease has occurred under all possible varieties of all appreciable atmospheric condition at all seasons, in all weather, and at the same moment in distant places. Ascription of the disease to a peculiar electrical state of air is equally unsatisfactory.

Mother's Shadow on the Wall.

BY JACK [illegible].

How well do I remember
The cot where I was born,
And the ivy-covered window
That opened on the morn;
The rose-bush and the lilies,
Ah, yes, I love them all,
But the dearest seems in memory
Is mother's shadow on the wall.

There was darling little sister left
When my loving mother died;
How [illegible] did I think of course
They'd be lying side by side.
The cruel messenger of Death
Has made his final call:
I ne'er shall see my mother's
Cheering shadow on the wall.

A reminiscence of the past,
How dear it is to me,
To think of little sister
When she laughed in childish glee;
My heart now dwells in chaos,
For the dark and somber pall,
Hides from my view my mother,
And her shadow on the wall.

And when I pluck a rose-bud,
Methinks o' sister dear,
For the dewdrop on its petal
Seems but her infant tear.
I can hear my darling mother
In angel whisper call,
Alas, I look, but look in vain,
For her shadow on the wall.

And as I kneel between the graves
To breathe a prayer of love,
It seems I hear sweet voices
In the azure vaults above.
The joys of life with me are past,
My cup seems filled with gall,
And earthly happiness has fled,
With the shadow on the wall.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities As Related by Our Regular Correspondents.

BRADFORD.

The Bradford schools opened for the winter term last Monday.

New Year's Day was a quiet one in police circles. There was not an arrest made on that day.

In some of the families in this city there are not well members enough to take care of the sick.

It seems to be a settled fact that Bradford is to have another National bank in the near future.

During the month of December the police made 128 arrests. The number of arrests made during the past year foot up at 980.

James Marty, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Capital Restaurant, is on a month's trip through the West, in quest of health and pleasure.

John S. Fisher has opened a new and finely appointed hotel in the Welsh block, on lower Main street, which he has christened the Willard Hotel.

The reception given by the Johnson Hose Company on New Year's was an event long to be remembered by all who partook of their princely hospitality.

The St. Bernard congregation will hold a fair, commencing Thursday, February 6. It is predicted that it will be one of the most successful events of the season.

The Masonic Temple is at last enclosed, and the carpenters are rushing work on the inside. It is an imposing and handsome building as viewed from the outside.

There are no flies on Bradford. We are to be favored Monday evening with a double back-acting Uncle Tom's Cabin company. It is not every community that is so favored.

The well known legal firm of Mullin & McClure has been dissolved. J. M. McClure, Esq., retiring. Mr. Mullin has associated with him his son, Tim Mullin, under the firm name of Eugene Mullin & Son.

At the Johnson Hose Company's reception, on New Year's night, Mayor McSweeney, in a few well chosen remarks, presented on behalf of the Larkins Drummers to Mr. C. P. Byron, an elegant gold headed ebony cane. The gift is greatly appreciated by the worthy recipient.

One of the greatest drawbacks Bradford has to contend with is a scarcity of houses, and as a consequence high rents. It is an outrage that people should be compelled to pay such exorbitant rents for houses that anywhere else outside of Bradford would hardly be considered fit habitations for swine. The cry is give us more houses and lower rents.

There is no question as to the city being overrun with tramps and gang crooks. But with our present inadequate police force we cannot expect such things. With our present population, covering so much territory it is the absurd nonsense to expect our present police force to keep an eye on the entire city. We need at least double our present police force, and the sooner the councils realize this fact the better it will be for all concerned.

The doctors are of the opinion that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The Sunday *News* man has been gathering statistics among our local physicians, and he finds that there are 622 cases of sickness in the city. If the figures are correct, and they undoubtedly are, it indicates that the Bradford physicians are nearly $1,000 richer at the end of each day's professional calls, while our druggist's bank account must grow at a rate that would astonish a dealer in any other commodity where a 300 or 400 per cent. profit is not expected.

The following gentlemen were elected last Thursday to serve as officers of the Bradford Oil Exchange for the present year: President, C. L. Wheeler; Vice-President, J. E. Haskell; Secretary and Treasurer, Winfield Scott; Directors, John Dowman, J. D. Jayne, S. W. Davis, C. C. Melvin, F. L. Blackmarr, E. Edyer, W. H. Weaver, S. H. Deaton, A. B. Walker, J. E. Lochran; Arbitrating Committee, F. H. Roberts, A. Thornton, F. P. Leonard, W. D. Gould; Conference Committee, C. L. J. M. McElroy, E. P. Whitcomb, J. T. Jones, Judge Wheeler, E. P. Whitcomb, J. T. Jones; Inspectors of Election, C. K. Thompson; Inspectors of Election, E. J. Boylston, F. G. Jackson. This is President Wheeler's thirteenth term as presiding officer.

We are gradually approaching municipal election day, and yet very little is said about who the candidates for the Mayoralty will be. Should Mayor McSweeney desire it, there is not much question but what he could have the Democratic nomination. But your correspondent is not sure that our present executive desires or would accept a renomination even if it were tendered him. Mr McSweeney has made a good mayor, and his party can consider itself fortunate if it can prevail on him to stand for a reelection. In some quarters Hon. Loyal Ward is favorably spoken of as the Republican nominee. If he should be the candidate and be elected, there is no question as to his making one of the best officials the city has ever had.

Why is it that our councils take no action toward having the the steamer City of Bradford put in proper condition for service in case of a fire? As it now is it is a useless piece of property, unless it be for dress parade occasions. Twice during the past year has a steamer been badly needed in combating the fiery element, and on both occasions Hon. L. Emery, Jr., sent to the front his private steamer, which did much in staying the ravages of fire that threatened to lay a good share of the business portion of our city in ashes. Perhaps our law-makers are of the opinion that as long as private individuals are kind enough to keep fire apparatus in repair for emergencies, there is no necessity for them to appropriate money to have the city steamer repaired.

CLERMONT.

Mrs. Harrington spent her New Years with friends in Olean.

If any prayers are heard it should be those for snow, snow, snow.

Miss Carrie Laird spent New Years at her home in Williamsport.

L. M. Moore presented all his employees with a turkey for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cole, of Mt. Alton, has been visiting here the past week.

Miss Fanny Cavenaugh was the guest of Mrs. J. P. Keating for a few days recently.

A. Alf Johnson, from Beech Tree, was calling on his many friends here week before last.

Frank Bedford and Isaac McIndoolem are having the "grippe" and are laid up for repairs.

Christmas and New Year's days were very quiet. Few drunken men were seen, and but two arrests were made.

Adam Martin who is now studying law in Boston, came home and attended the funeral of his uncle, Peter Martin.

E. H. Welch, from Buffalo, is now the assistant and agent here. Mr Adams, formerly of Larrabee, is the night operator.

The wreck in the yard here, just before Christmas, is said to have cost the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. fifteen thousand dollars.

Miss Lola Betts came home from her school, at Fredonia, to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Betts.

The party or parties that sent your scribe a box of "The Pythian Knight" cigar, on Christmas eve, will please accept my thanks.

Col. D. M. Wright and Thomas McMahon, two prominent lumbermen from Colegrove, were here the other day on important business.

A brakeman whose name I did not learn, was almost killed here on Monday evening of last week. He in some way got squeezed between the engine and turn-table.

The party given by Mr and Mrs. McCandless to their many friends, on Christmas evening, was a grand affair, and everybody and their friends enjoyed themselves.

Among many others that attended the funeral of Peter Martin, regardless of the stormy day, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bayer and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Belknap.

John O. Sonbergh left here for the county seat on Monday last. He says he will keep house there for the next 6 weeks. His ticket and money order business is attended to here just the same.

If the barber shop in Hanna' hotel was cleaned out, and some spittoons put in, it probably would be possible to stay there long enough to get shaved. As it is now it will turn your stomach in two minutes.

I am sorry to say that John Keating, father of J. F. Keating and Mrs. Jacob Amend, of this place, died at his home in Canada a week ago last Friday. The deceased was well known in this and Tioga counties.

I am very sorry to hear of the severe illness of the youngest child of Mr and Mrs. A. J. Sonbergh at Mt. Jewett. A few years ago they lost five children in ten days, and I sincerely hope this one will be spared to them.

"La Grippe" is on the go here. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wheeler have been very ill for some time, Julius Dennison has also been confined to bed for the past two weeks. Some one in most every family is affected with the disease.

Among other Christmas presents that were given and received, we cannot refrain from mentioning a one hundred and fifty dollar organ by C. F. Peterson to his wife, and a five hundred dollar piano by her parents to Miss Essie Belknap.

The many friends of Rev. J. G. Hann presented him, on Christmas Day, with a handsome chair and center table. The Reverend gentleman and wife requests me to thank the people of Clermont, through the columns of the MINER, for the beautiful and useful present. The elder says it was just what they needed.

DOOLLY DOOL.

MT. ALTON.

Mrs. E. Hagadorn has returned home.

J. & C. Graham spent the holidays at Bolivar.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Lauris have returned home.

Doc Jacquieson is back again, building rigs at Kinzuaville.

The holidays have passed and not a wedding in this town.

Miss Abbie Cady has returned to her home in Port Allegany.

The C. M. B. A. realized about eighty dollars from their recent dance.

Miss Flora Smith, of Mt. Jewett, is stopping with friends at this place.

George Keisler, youngest son of A. Keisler, is reported on the sick list.

Kinzua Lodge, I. O. O. F., will confer the initiatory and second degrees on the 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips, and Mrs Perry Oaks spent the holidays in Crawford county.

Hon. Leo Miller, of Chicago, is giving some very interesting lectures at the M. E. Church, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brainy have returned from a short visit with Mrs. Brainy's parents, at Red Rock.

The New Year has come and no snow. On account of so much rain business is getting rather dull.

John Covey, Jr., has closed up his meat market here. The family expect to move to Bradford in the near future.

Thomas Elmore had the misfortune to cut a large gash in his left hand with a hatchet, while at work on a derrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hafner, of Kansas, came over Dec. 26th and spent a few days with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Graf.

Mrs. T. H. Fraley is growing weaker every day. Her relatives and friends are expecting a change to come at any moment, with little hopes for the better.

Dr. M. E. Drake, of Bradford, was seen on our streets on the 1st, bidding his friends good bye. He has gone to New York to take a course of lectures in dentistry.

Mr and Mrs. John Eckard were called to mourn by the death of their youngest child, aged 18 months. It was buried in the Lafayette cemetery, December 31st.

John, son of James Thro, of Sand Vale, died very suddenly on Jan. 3rd, of heart disease. John was a bright and promising boy. His parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

We are pleased to say Mt. Alton is going to have a new sawmill in the near future, so we were informed by John O'Connor. He has the ground cleared and the timber out for the foundation. Mr Neil, of Greenville, Crawford county, the owner, has purchased a tract of 700 acres of timber land just north of Alton.

The sad news reached us last Saturday, of the death of Peter Martin, which brought large concourse of brothers and friends of brother Martin. We can truly say a noble man, a kind father and faithful Odd Fellow is laid to rest. The brothers and sisters of Kinzua Lodge, No. [illegible], I. O. O. F., join in sympathy with the bereaved family and friends.

MOUNTAINEER.

MT. JEWETT.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gallup spent New Year's with friends in Smethport.

G. H. Sparks, regardless of the weather, is always ready with his dray to accommodate the public.

The mud has made it quite inconvenient for the interested to the oil field. However, business seems lively.

Miss McCaulif, we are glad to say, returned from Bradford, evidently much pleased with our busy town.

The K O T M. ball passed off very pleasantly and all enjoyed a very pleasant time. The society realized about $30.

J. Doyle, one of our leading lumbermen, returned home from Buffalo this week, where he has been attending to business.

One need not go any farther than the Brewer House to find first-class accommodations. W. W. is a jolly good fellow and always makes it pleasant for his guests.

The year 1890 finds Mt. Jewett one of the most healthy and flourishing little hamlets in the county, and as we stand so much higher than our neighboring villages, we expect the sleighing to reach us at least a week before they get its benefit.

Our public school did not open in full session on Monday as anticipated, on account of illness of Miss Richards, who presides over the higher room. But Miss Sherer, who has charge of room No. 2, has returned from Johnstown, where she has been spending the holidays, and was promptly on duty Monday morning.

The new year brought the old people out to occupy Long's hall to trip the light, fantastic toe. The ladies all looked as blooming as roses. Perhaps the weather had the desired effect. But the young people who crowded in, forgetting their invitation cards, looked rather blasted. It appears the atmosphere did not agree as well with them, but perhaps their forgetfulness caused the change.

L. L.

AUSTIN

Mr and Mrs. W. H. Hastings have returned from an extended visit among friends in Bradford.

Miss Penfield has returned to her home in Olean.

Miss Nellie Pearce is attending school in Coudersport.

Master Willie Parke is home from Allegany on a short vacation.

Miss Mary Sohl has returned from a visit among friends at Shingle House.

John Palmer, of Corning, circulated among Austin business men Saturday last.

Misses Etta Pearce and Hattie Dorches have returned from a visit to Coudersport.

Frank Davis is very ill with pneumonia. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Mrs. James Harkins, of Turtle Point, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Houghton.

W. A. Dalrymple, of Ceres, was looking over our many industries, a few days of last week.

The dance given by the Orchestra last Wednesday evening was a success socially and financially.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brock, of Ceres are spending a few weeks in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cashov.

Miss Flora Nelson has returned to her home in Coudersport, after an extended visit among her many friends in this place.

The "Russian La Grippe" or, as it is more commonly called, influenza, seems to have taken hold of a great many of our citizens. The doctors are all busy, and many severe cases are reported. It is indeed a veritable "grip."

Sunday last an excited crowd gathered on the corner of Main and Turner streets, talking in loud excited tones. The cause of the uproar was a drunken man crying because he wasn't sober. A constable was called and the man quickly lodged in the cooler, and peace reigned in the "city." What was it? only a drunken man.

CLIFF.

[illegible]

D. D. Cleveland spent the holidays at his old home, in Oneida.

The Vulcan Spring Company are to improve their place in the spring.

Everything quiet—all on account of enjoying the luxury of a Southern winter.

The skating rink is again open to a good patronage. Fred Chapman is manager.

It's funny how many beams can find lodgment in our eyes without impairing our sight so that we can see a very small mote in the eye of our neighbor.

Editor Gould, of the Eldred Eagle, was taking in the town last week. He did not seem to know that the reporters here wore red leggings and long hair.

H. A. Place has his new tenement house nearly completed. This is a move in the right direction, as a dozen or more could be rented at fair prices.

A very large amount of logs lumber and bark is at the mills and in the woods, awaiting good roads. Sleighing would make a great and sudden change in our quiet streets, and the railroad would be taxed to its utmost to furnish cars.

List of Traverse Jurors.

The following is the list of traverse jurors drawn Dec. 5th, for a court of Common Pleas to be held at Smethport, the third Monday of January.

Acre, Daniel—Keating twp.
Anderson, Otto—Mt. Jewett.
Ash, Barney—Bradford city.
Brandon, D. M.—Otto twp.
Connelley, Thomas—Keating twp.
Creese, S. J.—Foster twp.
Carpenter, W. O.—Lafayette.
Cole, John—Liberty twp.
Doty, J. W.—Bradford.
Dexter, M. D.—Liberty twp.
Davis, Joshua—Kane.
Dixon, Thomas—Ceres twp.
Gilbert, Charles D.—Kendall.
Grigsby, Wm.—Smethport.
Hafner, Wm.—Hamlin twp.
Hager, D. H.—Bradford.
Harris, Joel—Eldred twp.
Jeffords, J.—Bradford.
Knight, Wesley—Smethport.
Karlson, Wm.—Wetmore twp.
Lovejoy, C. A. R.—Otto twp.
Lee, Schuyler—Foster twp.
Magner, John—Keating twp.
McLee, Joseph—Smethport.
McCarty, L. J.—Keating twp.
Mott, J. H.—Port Allegany.
Meehan, John—Otto twp.
Mahoney, James—Annin twp.
Mitchell, J. K.—Kendall.
Nithoof, J.—Bradford.
Newburgh, Albert—Mt. Jewett.
Reilly, Andrew Jr.—Smethport.
Rice, H. M.—Eldred.
Rockwell, F. M.—Eldred.
Simpson, Darius—Annin twp.
Sheldon, Charles—Keating twp.
Taylor, R. G.—Bradford.
Winship, George—Port Allegany.
Waleman, T. C.—Eldred.
Warwick, T. J.—Bradford.

Silver Wedding.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Wagoner, of Holley, N. Y., was celebrated Tuesday by a "surprise" party, made up of members of the Methodist Episcopal society. While the friends were gathered at the residence of John Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Wagoner were induced to make a call at one of the nearby residents' and when they returned they found the house filled with friends, who gave them a hearty greeting. The surprise was a complete one. After an hour of social intercourse, the tables were spread with the luxuries provided by the invaders and all were seated around them. Hon. Ira Edwards, in a very happily worded speech presented a purse of silver dollars to Mr. Wagoner. The occasion was one of great pleasure to all.—Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle.*

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle *free of cost.* It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The Large Bottles 50c and $1.

A New Enterprise.

G. J. Smith has recently erected a mammoth ice house on Mill street in Mechanicsburg, and will store it with the best ice that can be obtained in this section of the country. He will supply all parties in Smethport during the coming summer who see the advantage of saving themselves an immense amount of trouble and expense. Rates will be as low as possible. He will run fine delivery wagons to neighboring towns, and ice will be delivered in Smethport every day.
47—4t.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cents.

—English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. E. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport. 36-42-1y

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN.

Items of Interest Gathered from Various Sources by the Man With the Shears.

—No better butter made than Cortland county creamery. Stickney, Bell & Co. have it.

—The phrase "Everything goes" is not absolutely correct. For instance, there is the Keely motor.

—The handsomest wall paper ever brought to Smethport can be seen at Specht & Sasse's Furniture rooms.

—Anxious enquirer—No; a discharged poster does not become a reporter when he gets his situation back.

—Oysters served in every style, and sold by the measure at Wilson's Dining Hall.

—Stickney, Bell & Co. have just received a stock of the Cortland county creamery butter that gave such excellent satisfaction last year.

—Fresh Baltimore oysters received daily at Wilson's Dining Hall.

—Sir Edward Guinness has given to the poor of London and Dublin £250,000. That number of Guinness would have been better.—Pittsburgh *Telegraph.*

—If you want pictures framed in the latest styles call at Specht and Sasse's Furniture rooms, Main Street, Smethport.

—Caution insures safety, and all cautious people cure their colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, 25 cts.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards announces that she will not write a book on America. America may therefore now emerge from the woods.—*Ex.*

—Everyone who has used it pronounces Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup the best remedy known for the complaints of early childhood. It contains no opiates.

—I have suffered with rheumatism for quite a number of years, and after trying Salvation Oil pronounce it the best remedy I have ever used. MRS. J. ZIMMERMAN, Wetheredville, Md.

—Naturally the officials of electric companies base their reports on current business.

—Laxador is an invaluable remedy for torpid liver, costiveness, dyspepsia, and all bilious diseases. All druggists sell it at 25 cents a package.

—The State Normal School at Clarion, commenced the winter term on the first day of the New Year with an increased attendance. This school is growing very popular.

—Water street is probably so named because one can purchase all other beverages on that thoroughfare.—Pittsburgh *Telegraph*

—The Clarion Normal School closes on the 20th inst., and a winter term of 13 weeks will begin on the 1st of January, 1890. The fall term has been remarkably successful.

—Fresh fish received every Thursday at Wilson's Dining Hall.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice of Dissolution of Co-partnership.

THE FIRM HERETOFORE DOING BUSINESS at Portage Creek, Pa., as John W. Buck & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

JOHN W BUCK, } Members
C. B TYLER, } of Firm.

Jan. 1, '90.

Notice in Divorce.

M. McIntosh by her next friend, J. K Brown, vs G. W. McIntosh. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county. No 158 May term 1889.

I have been appointed commissioner to take testimony on the part of the Libellant in the above case and will attend to the duties of my appointment at the office of Mullin & McClure, No 15 Main street, Bradford, Pa., on Friday, January 24th, 1890, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place parties interested are notified to attend.
T. F MULLIN, Commissioner.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Prof. Loisette's MEMORY DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

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THE CHEROKEE OUTLET.

INCIDENTS AND PROMINENT MEN IN CHEROKEE HISTORY.

The Latest Phase of the So Called "Cherokee Question"—It Has Come Up at Regular Intervals for Over a Century, with Continual Changes.

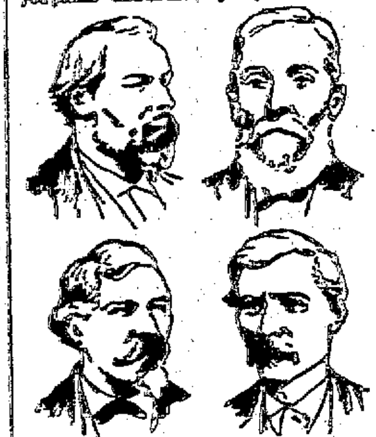
The opening of Oklahoma, and the movement to buy the so called Cherokee outlet have brought the Cherokees once more before the country, and there is the usual division of parties among the Indians—one for giving up their peculiar organization, dividing their lands in severalty and becoming ordinary American citizens; the other for uniting all the civilized tribes into one "Nation" and maintaining their comparative isolation a little longer.

The most conservative, however, admit that "lands in severalty" and citizenship must eventually come—"it is but a question of time," they say, "but we do not want to be pushed; give us time to prepare for it." And the most radical admit that the conservatives are doing much to prepare; schools, churches and newspapers are fairly abundant, and the progress of the Cherokees in education and property is quite encouraging. But, say the conservatives, if we cease to hold land in common, assign a farm to each family and allow white men to settle on the rest, the poorer class of Indians will soon lose their farms, "contriving white men will get most of the land, and as soon as they have a majority in the new state they will oppress us in a thousand ways by petty exactions and intricate laws. Give us more time."

And this has been the plea of the Cherokees since 1785, when they made their first treaty with the new American republic. At the close of the revolutionary war a large number of those people in North and South Carolina who were stigmatized as Tories, but are more politely referred to in British history as "United Empire Loyalists," crossed the mountains and located among the Cherokees. They were men of ability and good character, largely Scotch in blood and Presbyterian in religion; they set up looms, mills, schools and churches in "Cherokee Georgia," and with their aid the already progressive Cherokees progressed so rapidly that by 1808 they had a tolerably well organized government, with written laws. May 6, 1817, delegates from fifty-four towns convened, and a written constitution was adopted. Ever since the Cherokees have been a "nation."

The white man pressed upon them and they began to move westward. Then came that remarkable national debate in which congressmen argued long about the national rights of the Cherokees, orators depicted their wrongs and poets sang of their primitive virtues. It ended in the expulsion of all the tribe from Georgia and adjacent states, and in 1839 they reorganized their nation in the Indian territory. From the Tennessee in Carolina to the Tennessee in Alabama the local names testify of their former presence—Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Etowah and Connasauga, Keeowee and Oostanaula. Since their first treaty with the United States after the constitution was adopted—it bears the honored signature of George Washington—they have ceded 81,000,000 acres of land and have but 7,000,000 left. Yet the clamorous cry of the white man is for "more!"

In 1860 the 12,000 Cherokees formed, perhaps, the richest rural community in the United States. It was estimated that their live stock, at current rates, would have amounted to $17,000 for each family. Their invested funds for their lands returned an income sufficient for schools and colleges. The war left them with nothing but the bare land. Their stock had been driven into Kansas and Texas—"jayhawked," "confiscated," if you please—and as the majority went with the Confederate States, they were held to have forfeited their rights as against the United States. But the government restored their former status to a considerable extent, by the general treaty of 1866—the twentieth between them and the United States. From that era dates a new political division among them. The government reserved the right to settle other tribes along their western border. They had long followed the custom of adopting fragments of other tribes, and now no less than sixteen other stocks are represented in the "Cherokee Nation," from the Shawnees of Canada, down through the Senecas, Miamies, Quawpaws, Delawares and Wyandottes, to feeble remnants of Mingoes, Caddoes and Kickapoos.

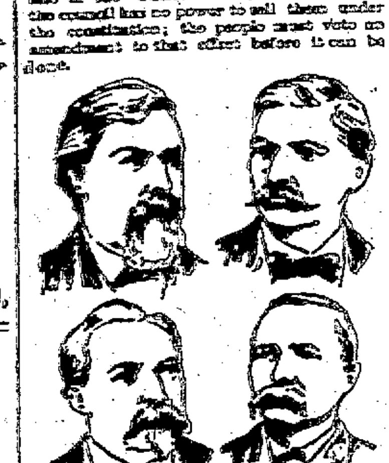


CHIEF MAYES. SENATOR ROSS.
BUSHYHEAD. SENATOR GRAY.

Long experience with white negotiators has developed among them some of the shrewdest diplomats in the world.

Ex-Chief J. W. Bushyhead, who has long represented them at Washington, is a match for any white man (he is of mixed blood) in discretion and political skill. He belongs to what is called the "National" party—that is, he wants all the tribes in the Indian territory to combine in one government and maintain their separate nationality till they develop a state. He owns a fine cotton plantation and is successful in business.

Joel B. Mayes, now principal chief of the nation, is a native of Georgia, but went to the territory in his youth. He served with distinction in the Confederate army, rising to the rank of major. He is opposed to the sale of the "Outlet" lands, and insists that the council has no power to sell them under the constitution; the people must vote an amendment to that effect before it can be done.



TREASURER ROSS. SENATOR WOLF.
CHIEF JUSTICE SCALES. SENATOR HENDERSON.

The Cherokee government, like those of the Creeks, Seminoles and Choctaw-Chickasaws, is republican in form; the executive is called principal chief, his vice second chief, the upper house of the council is called the house of chiefs, and the lower the house of warriors. In practice, however, the people often call them by their corresponding names in state governments. Among the chiefs (senators) a very prominent man is the venerable William P. Ross, who was born in Georgia in 1820 and received an English education at Greeneville, Tenn. He then entered Princeton college, N. J., and graduated with high honors. One of his classmates was George H. Boker, once minister to Russia, and another was Rev. Dr. Craven, of Newark, N. J. He favors selling the "Outlet," but insists on a higher price than the government now offers.

Another senator who is in favor of negotiating and selling if a good price can be had is Stanley Gray, of the Canadian district, and his influence is very great. An extremely popular senator with all factions is Judge R. M. Wolf, of the Going Snake district. He speaks with equal fluency in English and Cherokee. He is an able lawyer and is relied on to influence the full bloods on account of his intimate knowledge of their language and sentiments. He is for selling at a good price. W. P. Henderson, of the Delaware district, made his campaign on the distinct issue that the "Outlet" should be sold, was elected by a good majority, and therefore speaks with the assurance of a man with a fixed constituency behind him. The other senator from that district, Henry Ball, is also in favor of selling.

The officials of the nation are also men of ability. The Hon. Joseph A. Scales, chief justice, is 57 years of age, was educated at Cherokee schools, and served through the war in the Confederate army. The treasurer, Robert Ross, is a grandson of the famous John Ross, who was chief executive of the nation for forty years. He served through the war in the Federal army. It will be observed that some of these men show very little trace of Indian features, and it is a curious fact that there are Cherokee families of pure Caucasian blood, which have yet been in the nation for many generations. Some are descendants of children captured in the earliest wars with the whites, some of missionaries who settled in the tribe early in the Eighteenth century, and many more of the Tories above mentioned. But many who seem pure Caucasian have considerable Indian blood, and children of the same family often vary from the extreme Caucasian type to Indian features as defined in those of a quarter blood.

The Cherokees are ethnically the aristocracy of American Indians. They are, in fact, the hope and the pride of the race. If they cannot reach a high civilization and found a permanent Indian state, then none of the race can. But no race can be suddenly civilized; none can pass from barbarism to a simple condition of enlightenment, with ability to maintain it, in less than ten generations. There must be time for the internal organism to slowly change so as to maintain harmony with the improvement in externals. Otherwise the too rapid inflow of impressions on unprepared nerve centers breaks them down. Force a race like the Kanakas or Hottentots to travel over the vast interval between primitive man and civilized man in one generation, and you will kill the race—that is, unless it revolts and reverts to savagery.

The Cherokees have in two centuries traversed at least three-fourths of the way, between the red man of the forest and the white man of village, farm and city. The Anglo-Saxons were at least five centuries in traversing the same. Many good reasons are offered why the Cherokees should be granted more time and their whole country not yet thrown open to white settlement. If they can induce all the civilized tribes to combine, and by degrees adopt and civilize other tribes, the world may yet see an aboriginal community of some hundreds of thousands develop a high civilization—a progressive and prosperous "state of Oklahoma."

SUBJECTS THAT COMBINE RECREATION AND INFORMATION.

Entertaining Experiments Illustrating the Conductibility of Heat, That May Be Performed Without Special Apparatus—Why Metals Feel Cold to the Hands.

The "science" of heat, as we may term it, is only in its infancy, or certainly has scarcely come of age. Formerly heat was considered a chemical agent, but now it is found to be motion which affects our nerves of feeling and sight. As Professor Stewart tells us, "A heated body gives a series of blows to the medium around it; and although these blows do not affect the ear, they affect the eye and give us a sense of light." In considering heat scientifically, the idea of warmth and cold is put aside, for they are only different degrees of heat, not the absence of it.

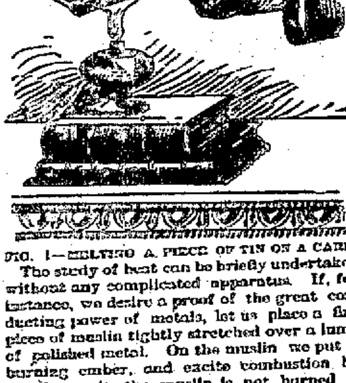


FIG. 1—MELTING A PIECE OF TIN ON A CARD.

The study of heat can be briefly undertaken without any complicated apparatus. If, for instance, we desire a proof of the great conducting power of metals, let us place a fine piece of muslin tightly stretched over a lump of polished metal. On the muslin we put a burning ember, and excite combustion by blowing on it: the muslin is not burned in the least, the heat being entirely absorbed by the metal, which draws it through the material into itself. Fig. 1 represents a similar experiment; it consists of melting some tin on a playing card, held over the flame of a spirit lamp. The metal becomes completely molten without the card being burnt.

It is through a similar effect that metals appear cold to us when we take them in our hands: by their conductivity they remove the heat from our hands, and give us the peculiar impression which we do not experience when in contact with substances that are bad conductors, such as wood, woolen materials, etc.

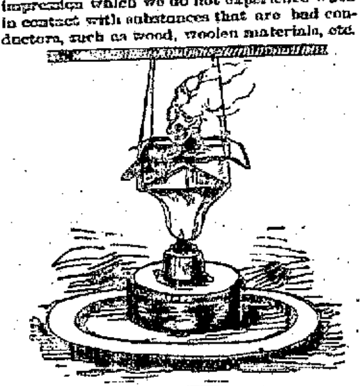


FIG. 2—BOILING WATER IN A PAPER CASE.

Fig. 2 shows the method of boiling water in paper. We make a small paper box, such as those made by school boys, and suspend it by four threads to a piece of wood held horizontally at a suitable height. We fill this improvised vessel with water, and place it over the flame of a spirit lamp. The paper is not burnt, because the water absorbs all the heat into itself. After a few minutes the water begins to boil, sending forth clouds of steam, but the paper remains intact. It is well to perform this operation over a plate, in case of accident, as the water may be spilt. We may also make use of an egg shell as a little vessel in which to heat the water, by resting it on a wire ring over the flame of the spirit lamp.

Why 33,000 Pounds Is a Horse Power.

When men begin first to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power, they often speculate on where the breed of horses is to be found which can keep at work raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is familiar to men accustomed to pile driving by horse power, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute. Since 33,000 pounds raised one foot per minute is called one horse power, it is natural for people to think that the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on the actual work performed by horses.

But such, explains The Manufacturers' Gazette, was not the case. The horse power unit was established by James Watt about a century ago, and the figures were settled in a curious way. Watt, in his usual careful manner, proceeded to find out the average work which the horses of his district could perform, and he found that the raising of 22,000 pounds one foot per minute was about an actual horse power. At this time he was employed in the manufacture of engines, and had almost a monopoly of the engine building trade. Customers were so hard to find that all kinds of artificial encouragements were considered necessary to induce power users to buy steam engines. As a method of encouraging business, Watt offered to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot pounds to a horse power, or one-third more than the actual. And thus, what was intended as a temporary expedient to promote business has been the means of giving a false unit of a very important measurement to the world.

The Dangers of Hypnotism.

A German scientist warns against the inconsiderate and incautious employment of hypnotism. He says that hypnotism under all circumstances has a disturbing effect upon the mental condition, and that subjects of experiment are always transiently hysterical, that the results in different individuals cannot be predicted, and that unfavorable results may follow.

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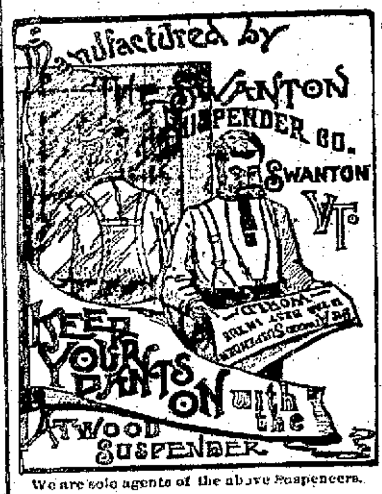

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School Opens Sept. 25th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
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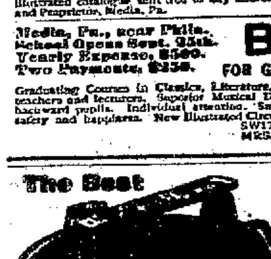
The Best
WASHER



We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We can show proof that agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

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One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE [illegible]

LADIES USE PEERLESS DYES
Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.
They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package, 40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by
W. F. Callen and S. I. Wells, Smethport, Pa.
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For Sale.
A THREE-AND-A-HALF YEAR OLD half-blood Percheron Colt. Well broke. Enquire of C. M. COLEGROVE,
Dec. 17, 1889.—3t. Smethport, Pa.

Western New York & Pa. R. R.
(FORMERLY B., N. Y. & P. R. R.)

Time Table in effect Oct. 20, 1889.

Trains will leave Smethport for Larrabee's, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

BUFFALO EXPRESS........9:18 A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL........2:30 P. M.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points south:

CLERMONT MAIL........7:12 A. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMOD'N....12:38 P. M.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WORMAN, Ticket Agent.
M. BELL, General Sup't.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r. & Tk. Agt.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between the Bradford and Elk county, Clarion and Bakerstown oil fields.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DEC. 1, 1889.

WESTWARD.				EASTWARD.		
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	STATIONS	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
6 20	11 50	9 05	ar..Bradford..lv.	7 30	2 45	5 00
6 45	11 15	8 50	...Kinzua Jn....	8 00	2 50	4 45
5 17	11 46	8 20	....New City......	8 44	3 01	5 54
4 50	10 50	7 54	......Rixford......	9 05	3 22	6 15
4 45	10 24	7 46	Duke Centre...	9 15	3 30	6 20
4 25	10 15	7 45	......Eldred	9 25	4 00	6 40
			B. E. & C. R. R.			
3 48	9 30	......	......Ceres........	10 02	4 08	......
3 32	9 17	......	Little Genesee	11 00	4 18	......
3 20	9 05	......	Lv..Bolivar..Ar	11 15	4 25	......
2 53	8 26	......	....Allentown....	11 46	4 56	......
2 15	8 00	......	lv Wellsville ar	12 30	6 00	......
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	......
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
6 20	2 10	9 05	ar..Bradford..lv	7 30	10 00	5 00
5 45	1 35	8 30	Kinzua Junct'n	8 30	10 40	5 45
5 34	1 29	8 25	......Aiken......	8 37	10 47	5 52
5 31	1 21	8 16	......Davis	8 44	10 54	5 59
5 23	1 13	8 08	....Simpson......	8 52	11 02	6 07
5 11	1 01	7 56	.....Ormsby	9 04	11 14	6 19
4 40	12 30	7 25	....Smethport....	9 27	11 37	6 42
4 43	12 15	7 20	...Mt. Jewett....	9 33	12 00	6 47
4 00	10 45	6 45	........Kane.......	10 10	1 20	7 25

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 10, 1889.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30, a. m.—Day Express, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York 9:35 p. m., Baltimore 6:45 p. m., Washington, 8:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport to Philadelphia.

8:35 p. m.—Erie Mail, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster Phila., New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 9:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:45 a. m., Washington 7:30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and through passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

10:30 a. m.—Erie Mail daily for Erie and all intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie.

7:35 p. m.—Niagara Express, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves Washington 8:10 a. m., Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Baltimore 9:00 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 7:15 p. m. with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:00 p. m., Baltimore 11:20 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:30 a. m., with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, June 20, 1887.

AR. EASTW'D.		STATIONS.	L'V WESTWD	
P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
8.34	1.17	Coudersport	8.00	5.00
8.30	1.13	Hammonds	8.04	5.04
8.25	1.08	Fish Basket	8.07	5.08
8.22	1.05	Olmsted	8.12	5.12
8.17	1.00	Nelsons	8.17	5.17
8.09	12.52	Knowlton	8.24	5.25
8.03	12.45	Roulette	8.31	5.34
7.49	12.40	Pomeroy Bridge	8.36	5.39
7.51	12.31	Burtville	8.45	5.48
7.45	12.23	Coleman	8.54	5.51
7.40	12.17	Port Allegany	9.00	6.05

Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

MANHOOD
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!
Just published, a new edition of
Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay

on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or impotency induced by excess of early indiscretion. The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured, pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

Sample of medicine free.

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41 Ann St., New York, N. Y. Postoffice box 450
Feb. 89-1y. 1.

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Dealers in and Manufacturers of
HARNESS
OF EVERY STYLE
AND CHARACTER
Which they will sell at the
LOWEST RATES.
They also keep a full supply of
Saddles, Blankets;
Whips, Etc.
Also a large and complete invoice of
TRUNKS & VALISES

Which they propose to sell at manufacturers' prices. Call and examine our stock and prices and become satisfied that it is a waste of time to look elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.
Smethport, Pa., March 12, 1889.

-:- THE BEST -:-
Meat and Vegetable Market
—IN—
SMETHPORT.

We are prepared to furnish the people of town and adjacent country with

FRESH MEAT,
HAM, SAUSAGES,
Salt Meats, Corned Beef, Lard,
Chickens, &c., &c.
—ALSO—
VEGETABLES
IN THEIR SEASON.
A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF
FAMILY GROCERIES
AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.
A Full Line of
CANNED GOODS
Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.
G. W. WILLIAMS & SONS
Main Street, - Smethport, P

HORSES FOR SALE.
FOR SALE.—3 or 4 pairs of good work horses from 1,200 to 1,600 pounds each.
A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 6, 1889.—tf.